Engd by Augustus Robin, N.Y.

Yours Truly
Sheldon S. Baker

MARMONDALE

AND OTHER

POEMS.

BY

SHELDON S. BAKER.

'Twere vain to tell the motley throng
How, from supremest grief and wrong,
Our breaking heart the notes had learn'd
That trembled into plaintive song.

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ENCYCLICAL.

—o—

At the age of seventy-four years, I find myself alone in the world. Being too feeble for business or labor, I have felt it my duty not to waste the particles of time; therefore, I have occupied the passing hours in recording my thoughts, which I have endeavored to clothe with simple language, that the subjects and sentiments presented may be the better appreciated by the great middle class of humanity, to whom this volume is respectfully dedicated.

And should the thoughts recorded here
Serve but to please and entertain,
It will my lonely moments cheer
To know I've written not in vain.

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MARMONDALE:

A TALE OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.

CHAPTER ONE.

I.

The sunny South, the land of flowers—
  Where Autumn clasps the hand of Spring
And Summer reigns in rosy bow'rs
  Amid her gorgeous offering
Of cotton-bloom and golden grain—
My harp for thee now wakes the strain.

II.

And if my muse, in plaintive song,
  Should wake sad mem'ries of the past,
And thrill some throbbing heart too strong,
  Remember, shadows are not cast
Where falls no sunshine and no light,
And understand my story right.

III.

Where rolls the Santee's swelling tide
In grandeur to the deep blue sea,
By tributaries there supplied—
Fair Congaree and Wateree—
Its northern banks flood widely o'er,
Leave high and dry its southern shore.

IV.

Upon that side its current deep
Has worn a smooth and rocky line
Where, high upon the frowning steep,
Stand cedars and the waving pine:
A requiem singing to the blast,
Of tragedy in days long past.

V.

Adown the sunny slope are seen
The ruins of a mansion fair,
Embower'd in groves of evergreen;
Its lofty chimneys standing bare,
Rising above its granite base,
Reveal the grandeur of the place.

VI.

The cedar and the spreading palm
Their graceful branches there entwine,
And gently wave beneath the calm
Majestic moon and stars that shine.
And trailing vines, by breezes swayed,
Cast on the walls their somber shade.

VII.

They rustle in the midnight gloom—
And o'er the scene a wizard spell
Falls gently, as the flowers bloom,
Or 'mid the raging tempest's swell:
Their voices whisper, Gone! all gone!
And zephyrs sigh, Alone! alone!

VIII.

And near, where cedars circle round,
Forget-me-not and myrtle strays,
Is seen a spot of hallow'd ground
Where sleep the dead of former days—
And there the weeping willow waves
O'er fallen stones, by sunken graves.

CHAPTER TWO.

I.

A century has passed away
  Since Duncan Vale from England came
And, settling there in early day,
  Had mark'd his bounds, and laid his claim
Within that wooded idle wild
Whereon the God in nature smil'd.

II.

The forest fell'd, the ground he clear'd
  And mansion built of wood and stone,
To English plans and style adher'd,
  And made the grandest dwelling known,
With stately porches rang'd around
And roof with lofty turrets crown'd.

III.

His wide-spread park had Nature made,
  The trees all planted by her hand,
So when he clear'd the place, he bade
  The woodman let the choicest stand;
And game in plenty rambled there,
From nimble deer to timid hare.

IV.

Within his park a church he rear'd
Whose bells rang out in sweetest chime,
Whenever sabbath-morn appear'd
Or in the merry Christmas-time.
Near by the rectory was seen
Within a grove of evergreen.

V.

And there stood Duncan Vale's abode
Where Nature, taste and wealth combin'd
With flowers, founts and streams, that flow'd,
To please the most fastidious mind;
And there the mirror'd lake was found
And on the cliff the Tourney-ground.

VI.

Down, where the cooling waters flowed
Clear from the rock with gurgling sound,
The negroes in their neat abode,
Encircled round the spring, were found;
The elder clothed, the younger nude—
A mode in Southern servitude.

VII.

There uncle Cæsar, old and gray,
Attended to the cotton-gin ;
Aunt Phillis sat the live-long day
And carded cotton-bats to spin,
And Dicy wove and Dilcy spun
From early morn till set of sun.

VIII.

From thence to fields of golden grain
The tawny reapers took their way ;
The binders follow'd in their train
And dar'd not let the harvest lay.
To shock each sheaf they did not fail
When "more wet" piped the whistling quail.

CHAPTER THREE.

I.

How often in my youthful days
I've roam'd to this deserted place,

Upon its crumbling walls to gaze,
Its ancient plans to clearly trace,
And deem'd each grass-grown walk and field
Some ancient relic, held conceal'd.

II.

Still later, in romantic mood,
Resolv'd to view the scene at night
And, starting through the tangled wood,
The ruin reached while it was light,
And where its gloomy shadows lay
I mus'd until the dawn of day.

III.

The zephyrs snapp'd the waving corn
As twilight clos'd upon the scene,
And through the night till early morn
The elements remain'd serene.
The sky was clear, and brightly down
The stars upon the landscape shone.

IV.

The bell within the old church-tow'r
Toll'd out the solemn hour of night,

And Nature, in her grandest pow'r,
  Reposed in calm and mellow light
Till on the fields of rip'ning grain
Bright Phœbus woke the morn again.

V.

The prospect from the mansion-door
  Was one unbroken wilderness
Of cypress and of sycamore
  Thro' which the Santee's waves would press
And murmur, gliding through the vale,
Adieu! adieu! to Marmondale.

VI.

For such a name the owner gave
  His lately wooded gem of earth;
A manor-name he sought to save
  To ancestry of noble birth,
So when his friends from England came
They found his home in name the same.

VII.

By him and Mattie, whom he made
  His youthful bride and loving wife,

The finest taste had been display'd
In fitting up a home for life ;
And nothing equal at that date
Was found in the Palmetto State.

VIII.

There bloom'd a flower, bright and fair,
And blossom'd into womanhood,
The idol of this loving pair,
The pure, the beautiful and good,
Sweet Ellen Vale, their only child,
Who oft her parents' hearts beguiled.

IX.

Her voice rang out so sweet and clear
Amid the pealing organ's swell,
Like birds in spring-time of the year,
Or to a lute-like cadence fell,
In accents chanted, clear and strong,
Or sung in sweet and plaintive song.

X.

But how describe the beauty rare
That glow'd upon her youthful face ?

With which naught earthly could compare,
Nor gifted limner even trace
The ruby lips on rows of pearls,
Bright azure eyes, or fair brown curls.

XI.

Upon her brow of spotless white
The intellect had set its seal,
And all her features, sunny-bright,
A noble presence did reveal.
Her faultless form and sylphlike grace
In beauty equal'd her fair face.

XII.

From early childhood she had known
The wisest teachings and control,
And by those teachings she had grown
Perfected both in mind and soul;
With views enlarg'd, pure and refin'd,
To deeds of charity inclin'd.

CHAPTER FOUR.

I.

And here we draw the veil aside,
  Disclose an actress in the scene
Of equal pow'r and peerless pride—
  A reigning belle, of beauty queen,
Who had become in early life
A loving bride, Lord Landon's wife.

II.

Through dissipation's mad career
  He entered on the downward course,
And, fleeing from him, she came here,
  Regain'd her spirits and her force;
As widow pass'd at Marmondale,
The governess of Ellen Vale.

III.

Five years at court had lent a grace
  To ev'ry word and ev'ry move;
The sweet expression of her face
  Would change from look of deepest love
To look that prov'd all language vain
Its real meaning to explain.

IV.

Her raven tresses pearls confin'd,
And sweet dark eyes of sparkling jet,
Above where rose and lily join'd,
'Tween long, dark, silent lashes set,
'Neath brows, well parted, arching o'er,
Reveal'd a soul of grandest pow'r.

V.

Her lips, which youthful tint retain'd,
On rows of perfect pearls were laid;
They gave the wisdom she had gain'd,
But no malevolent look display'd;
When slander's damning darts were hurl'd,
With slight contempt and scorn were curl'd.

VI.

She lov'd and, as the future prov'd,
Lov'd one not wisely but too well,
And by that love was often mov'd
The secret of her life to tell.
But knew no guilt was hers, and so
She let the sad disclosure go:

VII.

That not by death had she been freed
From him who claim'd her as his wife,
Was left by him in deepest need
And to a melancholy life,
Till she, at last, the law enforc'd
And duly from him was divorced.

VIII.

Now settl'd in her new-found home,
Removed from scenes of trial past,
Her spirits rose from out the gloom
And shadows, lately o'er them cast,
And reveled in the rosy light
As morning dawns from darkest night.

IX.

With Ellen Vale—her only care,
A lov'ly, fair and artless child—
She liv'd a life of pleasure there,
Where all around in beauty smiled;
She dreamt not of a fate, in store
For her, more bitter than before.

CHAPTER FIVE.

I.

One afternoon a stranger came—
A servant met him at the gate
And, when to him he gave his name,
He said: "Alight, sir, do not wait!
My master waits you at the door,
I'll see your horse provided for."

II.

With winning grace the stranger said
To Duncan Vale: "My name's Antone.
By business to your place I'm led,
To me a region quite unknown;
And this seems like a fairy-land—
I'm glad to take you by the hand."

III.

"'Tis not a fairy-land, yet fair
To one whose home has long been here,"
Said Duncan Vale with pleasant air,
And greeted him with friendly cheer.
"So treach'rous has my mem'ry grown
Of late—your name?" "Avard Antone."

IV.

"My wife and daughter, sir, and here
Is Lady Landon, Ellen's friend,
To Marmondale, our home so dear,
Their sweetest charms and graces lend;
We welcome you to this our home—
From what fair country do you come?"

V.

"From old Virginia's sunny clime,
Which name of old Dominion claims;
My ancestry, in olden time,
At Jamestown settl'd, on the James.
Hard by, where ebbs and flows the tide,
On my plantation I reside.

VI.

I'm glad to meet you, Madame Vale,
Miss Ellen, Lady Landon, too;
And should you hear the wondrous tale
Of games and pleasures we pursue—
The chase, the turf, the tourney grand—
In my fair, happy native land,

VII.

I may in future hope to see
You at my home, called Antone Hall,
The home my father left to me;
And there I hope to meet you all,
When all your pastimes here shall fail
At your sweet home, fair Marmondale.

VIII.

But different from your grand domain
You'll find my home and place of birth:
My park is corn, my flow'rs are grain—
Still 'tis the loveliest spot on earth,
More dear than all the world beside;
For there my parents liv'd and died."

IX.

Said Madame Vale: "We're pleased to hear
The quaint description of your place.
And that you chiefly hold it dear
Because of love of kin and race.
For filial love, a virtue rare,
Outshines all gems that one can wear."

CHAPTER SIX.

I.

The sentiment, by her express'd,
By Lady Landon was approv'd;
She, next in turn, Antone address'd
And spoke of sports and games she lov'd—
Yes, lov'd them all, but was content
With one, that was the tournament.

II.

"When in my own dear native land,
I was not driven to a choice,
With all of them at my command
Could all enjoy, in all rejoice;
But here a sad recluse I've grown
Shut out from all the world—alone."

III.

"But not alone—you're here with me,"
Said Ellen in her pleasant way.
"Think, how much happiness we see:
We walk, we ride, we sing, we play,
We write, we read and, when we're done,
We go to bed half hour by sun."

IV.

"But, Ellen dear, you shall not use
  Such language or such negro-phrase,
Which Mr. Antone will excuse—
  She sometimes with her servant plays
And will converse with her in turn
  And so these negro-phrases learn."

V.

"'Tis often so—in youth I knew
  One case in point, and that my own;
I used them all my boyhood through,
  In manhood, too," replied Antone.
"My class-mates oft corrected me
While at the university."

VI.

"But, Mr. Vale, to business now!
  My force at home is very great—
A part might quickly clear and plough
  A fine, large quarter in your state.
I wish to purchase, send some here—
Have you, sir, any lands to spare?"

VII.

"I have, indeed," said Mr. Vale,
"Lands of the finest quality,
And there are other lands for sale
In larger tracts, adjoining me;
And in the morning, when 'tis cool,
We'll take a ride and see them all."

CHAPTER SEVEN.

I.

The morning fair, at break of day,
Their horses, saddled at the door,
They mounted and then rode away;
At Marmondale were seen no more
Until the sun had sunk to rest
Beyond the flow'ry prairies west.

II.

Returning they were pleas'd to find
The ladies in fine spirits there;

And Antone, not to beauty blind,
Thought Lady Landon still more fair,
Arrayed in robes of purest white,
Than she appear'd the previous night.

III.

And Madame Vale was pleased to find
That Antone's hopes were realiz'd:
A tract he'd found to suit his mind,
With qualities he highly priz'd.
He deem'd the most essential things
Good soil and timber, streams and springs.

IV.

So swiftly time had pass'd away
That Antone did not think it late
And ask'd Miss Ellen if she'd play,
His love for music was so great.
"Please, Lady Landon, join in song;
The evening's short but time is long."

V.

"Sing, Ellen dear, 'Long live the King,'"
Said Lady Landon, "I will join."

"It matters not what song you sing
Since we've defeated John Burgoyne,"
Replied Antone. "I've little choice
Of words in song, but tone of voice."

VI.

In sweetest strains and purest tone
She sang the song, in childhood learn'd;
Her eyes with deep affection shone,
Lit up the altar where love burn'd
Into the core of human hearts,
Accessible to Cupid's darts.

VII.

As seraphs sing to saints in light
And angels sweep their harps of gold,
To give the pure in heart delight—
So was a nation's anthem roll'd
From Lady Landon's lips the while,
A mundane spirit to beguile.

VIII.

"Now, Ellen, sing my favorite,"
Said Mr. Vale, "'Robbin Adair.'

I'm quite fatigued, 'tis growing late,
Soon to our lodgings we'll repair."
She sang the song that he desir'd,
With sweet "good night" they all retired.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

I.

"I go to rest, but not to sleep,"
Mused Avard Antone at the door,
For on his mind impressions deep,
Such as he'd never known before,
Were made and now possessed his soul
And held him in complete control.

II.

"I never thought," he said, "to find
A gem of such perfection here—
The graces all in one combin'd!
A voice so sweet; her diction, clear
In conversation and in song,
Would charm one for a whole life long.

III.

To win her love, her heart and hand
I would one-half my wealth resign;
This beauty, with a title grand,
With all her charms would then be mine.
My home a paradise would be,
Should Lady Landon marry me."

IV.

While wrapp'd in sleep, two angels came,
Both dress'd in robes of snowy white;
One held aloft a torch aflame,
The other scroll and pen to write.
He seiz'd the scroll and wrote his name—
The vision vanish'd into flame.

V.

Though superstition's deadly blight
Had never fallen on Antone,
When starting, waken'd in affright,
He in his chamber mus'd alone
On the appalling vision, sent
As token of some sad event.

VI.

The morning sun rose clear and bright
  Upon the blooming landscape there,
It swept the dewy tears of night
  From grassy lawn and flowers fair,
From lilies white, in vases grown,
Where fountains sparkle in the sun.

VII.

The dew-drop trembled in the rose
  And, fainting, fell beneath the heat;
The cotton-blooms began to close,
  And sportive lambkins feebly bleat;
The kine, that cropp'd the tender blade,
Now ceas'd to roam and sought the shade.

VIII.

The fish that sported in the streams
  A refuge sought 'neath shelving shore
From glaring light of Sol's bright beams,
  Or hied where plunging cascades roar.
There, 'neath the cool descending spray,
The listless angler spent the day.

IX.

From early morn the baying hound
  Pursued the track of timid hare ;
Each on their passage round and round,
  By heat o'ercome, lay prostrate there.
And sable sons the banjo played
At cabin door beneath the shade.

CHAPTER NINE.

I.

When Antone rose and went below,
  He thought to leave at once for home
And not let Lady Landon know
  The late resolve to which he'd come.
But, going out to take the air,
Met her and Ellen walking there.

II.

He said to them : "I'm quite surprised
  At meeting you so early here."

"It is no plan of late devis'd,
It's been my custom through the year,"
Said Lady Landon, "and you see
It suits my ward as well as me.

III.

"We've taken now our usual round,
And in that rustic rosy bow'r
On your return we may be found,
At least until the breakfast hour;
Then tardiness would be a crime,
So, Mister Antone, be in time."

IV.

"But would my Lady think me rude,
If in the future," said Antone,
"I write her from my solitude
When she shall know me as I'm known?
And would my missives answers win,
That facts and fancies revel in?"

V.

"Responses, yes! and fancies too!
But facts, you know, are stubborn things;

Upon receipt of such from you
I'll give the answer fancy brings.
The facts perhaps I may retain
Until I see you here again."

VI.

"But 'Lady Landon' sounds so cold,
It chills me when that name I hear,
And if she will not think me bold,
I would it change for one more dear;
The name, attach'd to infancy,
Sounds sweeter far to you and me."

VII.

"Then call me Alice, if you will,
The name my mother gave to me,
Or Alie, which is sweeter still—
They called me that across the sea.
But here, as in my native land,
Some think my empty title grand."

VIII.

"Yes," mused he, "Alie, Antone's wife
And mistress too of Antone Hall—

To me more dear than light or life—
  But she the dearest of them all.
I love nicknames, yet mine discard,
For Ave's too short—call me Avard."

IX.

"O governess! a pearl I've found,
  Deep in a morning-glory's cell!
And roses, too! all diamond crown'd!
  But where," said Ellen, "I'll not tell,
For you have said that wealth conceal'd
Was always partially reveal'd."

CHAPTER TEN.

I.

Antone return'd in time to see
  The ladies to the breakfast-room,
And all seem'd happy there, till he
  Sent out the order to the groom
To bring his horse 'round to the door,
As he would leave in half an hour.

II.

Then, leaving funds with Mister Vale,
  Requested him to buy the land
Which in this section was for sale
  And perfect titles to demand.
"The deeds," he said, "may here remain
With you until I come again."

III.

Then Mister Vale press'd him to stay
  And spend the Sabbath-day with them.
"The church," he said, "not far away
  Within my park, is quite a gem;
The rector, a fine Englishman,
Is doing all the good he can."

IV.

His guest thank'd him for favors shown,
  And begged him payment to receive
For all the business to be done;
  He then prepared to take his leave,
Shook hands with all, bade them good-day,
Mounted his horse and rode away.

V.

"But why did Antone leave so soon?"
Said Lady Landon, "tell us why?"
"He may perhaps have weary grown
Of southern life and southern sky,"
Replied Miss Ellen with arch smile,
Yet knew the reason all the while.

VI.

"Had he remain'd till he had made
A closing bargain for his land,
He might have by and by display'd
His pow'r to win a lady's hand.
Your phrase is apt, now he is gone:
'Shut out from all the world—alone.'

VII.

As Antone now is on his way,
Let's bid adieu to scenes so fair,
And his immense estate survey
Before our hero reaches there.
Dear reader, will you with us roam
And view an old Virginia home?

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

I.

Where flows the James in grandeur down,
To mingle with old ocean's tide—
Its waters, glitt'ring in the sun,
As vessels on its bosom glide,
While from its shores spread far away
Its fertile fields in early day.

II.

Naught, in the old Dominion seen,
Surpass'd this garden-spot of earth
In golden grain and meadows green.
Its owners, of superior birth,
Liv'd there in splendid mansions, rear'd
When first the forests disappear'd.

III.

And there, more prominent than all,
In more capacious, massive style,
'Neath spreading oaks stood Antone Hall—
A grand substantial wooden pile,
With broad verandas, lattic'd o'er,
And lofty porches at each door.

IV.

At either end two chimneys stood—
  Like huge pilaster-columns were—
That fitted to the walls of wood
  Up to the roof, then rose 'mid air;
And creeping vines their cov'ring made
From base to roof and balustrade.

V.

With massive entrance, stately halls
  And ample parlors on each side,
The lofty, whiten'd, stucco'd walls
  And folding-doors the rooms divide.
And ev'ry room, where fire was placed,
A quaintly carv'd wood-mantel grac'd.

VI.

And furniture of ancient date,
  Imported from a foreign land
By owners of this vast estate,
  Was there dispens'd with lib'ral hand,
Upholster'd in a somber hue
Of silk, brocade and velvet too.

VII.

In richly carv'd and gilded frames
The full-length Antone portraits stood,
And ancestry of divers names
Hung 'round in silent solitude;
By master hands; of subjects fam'd,
Italian origin proclaim'd.

CHAPER TWELVE.

I.

This princely home and broad domain
With wealth of grain and stock on hand,
Together with a num'rous train
Of servants, rear'd upon the land,
Was all bequeath'd by sire to son
And only child, Avard Antone.

II.

We shall endeavor now to trace
Some charact'ristics of the man—

His ancestry, his name and race
That early plac'd him in the van
In grand old days of chivalry
And southern hospitality:

III.

His ample brow was shaded o'er
With glossy ringlets, dark as night;
His eyes a sweet expression wore,
Yet sparkled with mysterious light
That oft disclosed the hidden fire
Of slight, resentment or desire.

IV.

An athlete, trained to exercise
In games and sports of ev'ry kind
That wealth or genius could devise
To strengthen form, develop mind.
His mental pow'rs increas'd, improv'd,
As well as force with which he mov'd.

V.

Equestrian sports and games and chase
In him an active leader found;

In them he held the foremost place
  Outrunning all but fox and hound.
In the pursuit o'er hill and dale
Leap'd every barrier on the trail.

VI.

Attending once a tournament
  A knight, who knew not of his skill,
A wager laid with his assent.
  The wager was the supper-bill,
Including wine and music, found
For dancing, when the queen was crown'd.

VII.

The knight rode first. With steady hand
  He held the lance ; his piercing eye
Peer'd through the distance o'er the land,
  Upon the rings that hung on high.
On his last ride two rings he left,
But three times three young Antone cleft.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

I.

A lonely place was Antone Hall—
  The doors were barr'd, the blinds were clos'd;
The spacious mansion, grim and tall,
  Beneath the oaken shade repos'd.
Upon the smooth and level green
Was neither shrub nor flower seen.

II.

Upon each porch, at front and rear,
  A trusty servant slept at night;
Two surly mastiffs, kennel'd near,
  Kept them from fear or sudden fright.
While strange, uncommon sights or sounds
Summon'd full twenty baying hounds.

III.

'Twas harvest and the reapers lay
  At midday on a field half shorn,
While in the distance, far away,
  Spread fields of lofty, waving corn,
In which a sable band appear'd
To gather forage for the herd.

IV.

They watch'd the river's southern shore
To catch the signal, when display'd,
To go and bring their master o'er,
Whose coming had been long delay'd.
A grand reception had been plann'd
By Antone's friends when he would land.

V.

At last he came. The summons flew
From house to house, from friend to friend,
Till all of his arrival knew.
They soon were ready to attend
And made him from the river's shore
A mounted escort to his door.

VI.

If, on his coming, Antone Hall
To him appeared a gloomy place,
His escort soon removed the pall,
For friendship glow'd in ev'ry face;
The cheerful greetings he receiv'd
The dull monotony reliev'd.

VII.

On his arrival there he found
The entrance to his spacious lawn
In garlands of bright roses bound
By neighbors, who, by friendship drawn,
Had strewn the walk with fragrant flow'rs,
And porch festoon'd like Eden's bow'rs.

VIII.

A score of ladies, dress'd in white,
Now welcom'd him on his return,
As neighbor, friend and champion knight,
And all seem'd gratified to learn
About a distant southern state,
The incidents he did relate.

IX.

A speech the leading escort made,
In glowing, flow'ry language dress'd;
Then Antone in few words convey'd
His thanks, in feeling tones express'd.
He wav'd his hand, bade all good-day,
The train then mounted, rode away.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

I.

When Antone found himself alone,
In museful mood he sighing said:
"My love for Lady Landon's grown
To rule and fill my heart and head;
Not all the ladies here to-day
Could turn my thoughts from her away.

II.

"By rest restor'd and needed sleep
I will at once avow to her
My love, my adoration deep,
And pray that she may not defer
Our nuptials to some distant day —
My love cannot endure delay."

III.

When Antone rose at early dawn
He saw his servants gath'ring near;
They soon had fill'd the spacious lawn,
And waited for him to appear,
To learn from him his future plans—
If he had purchased cotton lands.

IV.

He satisfied their minds at last,
And said he had not purchased yet;
But if he should, from what had passed,
He trusted they would not forget
His kind attention and his care
Would be extended to them there.

V.

"Now seated in my lonely room,
By friends and neighbors left alone,
I'll try to dissipate the gloom,
Dear Lady Landon," wrote Antone,
"That seems to hang around my way
Since my arrival yesterday.

VI.

"Without you, lonely is my home,
That heretofore an Eden seem'd;
To me an aching void had come,
On which the light of love has gleam'd,
To make a paradise for me
Of home, if only shar'd by thee.

VII.

"I would that I were with thee now,
  There in the halo of thy smiles
That set my ardent love aglow;
  But, ah! the intervening miles!
The endless cycle of a year
Must pass ere I can see my dear.

VIII.

"But do not doubt! The love that's tried
  By absence will enduring prove,
And ever constant will abide
  My first, mature, unchanging love!
Be mine, dear Alice, mine alone!
Sincerely yours, Avard Antone."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

I.

When Duncan Vale secur'd the lands
  For Avard Antone, by request,

He wrote to him to send his hands,
Or come with them, as suited best;
But if he could not leave his home,
He would direct them till he'd come.

II.

Then Antone chose from out his force
The number he design'd to send,
Always preferring those, of course,
On whom he knew he could depend;
With them and teams and tools to clear,
He sent a trusty overseer.

III.

Sad was the parting when it came:
Fond mothers rung their hands and cried,
And fathers turn'd from pride or shame
Away their manly tears to hide;
Near friends were clasp'd in fond embrace,
While tears cours'd down each sable face.

IV.

Their journey lay through dreary wilds
And cypress swamps and forests wide,

O'er unfrequented roads for miles,
  Without a compass or a guide.
At night they camp'd by streams, where wood
Was plentiful to cook their food.

V.

Where Roanoke came rolling on
  O'er boulder'd bed to ocean-tide,
The weary party there sat down
  Until the means could be supplied
To land them on the other shore,
They all seem'd anxious to explore.

VI.

When landed there, they took their way
  Through wilderness of waving pine,
And halted at the close of day
  Beyond the "Old Dominion" line;
And there, on Carolina's soil,
They pitch'd their tent to rest a while.

VII.

The streams were well supplied with fish;
  The forests, too, were filled with game;

So each one had a sav'ry dish
Of fish or flesh, both wild and tame ;
Then sang their songs and danc'd at night
Around the torches' flaming light.

VIII.

With energies restor'd again
They made their way with greater speed,
And stopp'd not for a show'r of rain
That made it arduous to proceed,
Until a swelling stream they spied
That spread its waters far and wide.

IX.

There sturdy oaks a shelter made
From which the "mast" in plenty fell,
And tall, rank grass grew in the glade
That quickly by the sickle fell.
Delicious feed their teams supplied
Until the waters did subside.

X.

Then ŏnward went the sable crew,
Without delay, till set of sun,

And kindl'd their camp-fires anew
  Adjacent to a rippling run,
And there prepar'd their fish and game,
Then supp'd and slept till morning came.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

I.

We pass—not pausing to relate
  Events transpiring on their way—
Till down in the Palmetto State
  The broad Pedee before them lay.
They halted where its swelling tide
Spread through the cypress far and wide.

II.

There, weary waiting, found a guide
  And boatman skill'd to take them o'er;
The danger pass'd—some laugh'd, some cried,
  When landed on the southern shore.
Light-hearted then they made their way,
And halted not till close of day.

III.

Through flooding rains and swollen streams,
That made them dangerous to pass,
The cavalcade of men and teams
Went--flound'ring through the deep morass,
Through tangl'd reeds, through mire and mud;
At last reach'd Santee's swelling flood.

IV.

Before them lay, well nigh immers'd,
A wilderness of sycamore,
And over this in grandeur burst
The beauties of a southern shore.
O'er channel deep and flowing sail
Were seen the tow'rs of Marmondale.

V.

When twilight clos'd upon the scene
They all assembl'd on the shore,
And kindl'd camp-fires on the green,
And sang the song prepar'd before,
In tones soul-thrilling, sweet and clear,
The words of which now follow here:

Moses in sight of de promis'd land,
De children of Isreal tuck dar stand,
All bound to 'bey de Lord's command;
  For Moses was dare to scotch 'um.
Dey stood by Jordan's rollin' stream,
And Moses give a mighty scream;
For dey had no boat and dey had no team—
  No one to come and fotch 'um.

CHORUS: So we stand here to-day, to-day!
  So we stand here to-day, I fear!
  No one to take us ober;
  I fear, I fear, no one to take us ober!

When we left home and Mas' Avard,
We niggers thought it mighty hard,
And some of us felt mighty scar'd;
  For we didn't know where we's goin'.
But master sent an overseer,
And we all's follow'd in de rear,
Till we arriv'd all safely here,
  Whar de Santee river's flowin'.

CHORUS: So we stand here to-day, to-day!
  So we stand here to-day, I fear!
  No one to take us ober;
  I fear, I fear, no one to take us ober!

When we all's get on master's land,
Wid our great force, a mighty band,
We'll have a fus rate cotton stand,
  As big as corn, and bigger.
We'll hoe our crops and make 'um grow,
Let all the darkies 'round here know
Dat we'm high niggers, not de low,
  And we speaks to no common nigger.

Chorus : So we stand here to-day, to-day!
  So we stand here to-day, dat's clear,
  And wants to be taken ober;
  We wants, we wants, we wants to be
    taken ober.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

I.

'Twas Sabbath morn. The deep-ton'd bell
  Was heard across the waters wide;
As on their ears its clear notes fell
  They wish'd themselves the other side,
To listen to the earnest pray'rs,
The solemn chants and plaintive airs.

II.

And, true to superstition's call,
They met to bend the suppliant knee
To Him they lov'd as Lord of all,
Though restless 'neath his stern decree,
That made them suffer and atone
For sins of others and their own.

III.

Old Uncle Abra'm led in pray'r,
And improvis'd a sacred song,
When melody rose on the air
From many voices in the throng.
In simple words the hymn was giv'n,
Entitled, "We all's goin' to heav'n."

We all's goin' to heav'n,
We all's goin' to heav'n;
We knows dat Jesus loves us
When we does de best we can.
We all's goin' to heav'n,
We knows our sin's forgiv'n;
We knows we'm goin' to heav'n
On de salvation plan.

We all's goin' to glory,
We all's goin' to glory;
We knows dat Jesus loves us
When we does de best we can.
We all's goin' to glory,
We hears de pleasing story,
Why Jesus He has lov'd us,
'Cause we does de best we can.

We'll all see Him comin',
We'll all see Him comin',
We'll all see Him comin'
To meet us in de skies.
We'll all see Him comin'
We'll hear de banjo thum'in',
We'll know de blessed Savior
By de spression ob his eyes.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

I.

"A likely force has Antone sent
To make improvements on his lands,"

Said Duncan Vale, when he had spent
A day with overseer and hands,
In showing them the quarters' bounds,
Attended by his pack of hounds.

II.

"They say this but a fraction is
Of his fine home plantation force;
When Lady Landon hears of this,
She then will marry him, of course,"
Said Madame Vale; "and we'll atone
By having Ellen left alone."

III.

"Should he her antecedents learn,
To me, dear wife, one thing is clear:
He certainly would from her turn,
And seek the hand of Ellen dear;
I doubt her being left alone
If she will wed Avard Antone."

IV.

"But what would Lady Landon say,
If Ellen should her rival prove?"

"She will be bound to have her way—
  But all depends on Antone's love;
I hold a secret, you well know,
For Lady Landon's weal or woe."

V.

This conversation—overheard
  By Lady Landon, unperceiv'd,
While writing answer long deferr'd
  To letter from Antone receiv'd—
Serv'd but to interrupt her theme,
As one awaken'd from a dream.

VI.

She paus'd a moment, dropp'd the pen,
  And threw the letter in the fire—
Then mus'd a while, commenc'd again,
  And then concluded to retire
And write to him some future day,
When this dark cloud had roll'd away.

CHAPTER NINETEEN.

I.

Tho' late ere Lady Landon slept,
She waken'd at the early dawn,
And, rising quietly, she stepp'd
Out on the ample, shady lawn;
And there, within a bow'r, alone,
Resum'd her letter to Antone.

II.

"Avard," she said, "though long delay'd,
The pleasant task I now begin,
Fulfilling my late promise made—
Your letters should responses win—
And hope to dissipate the gloom
You say hangs 'round your lonely room.

III.

"In your own home a lonely room—
How strange the story seems to me!
Your presence there should light the gloom,
E'en make Egyptian darkness flee.
No tinge of sadness should find place
Where's seen your bright and smiling face.

IV.

"That home, you say, an Eden seemed
Until of late. How sad the change!
So much like Adam's, I have deem'd,
When join'd by Eve upon the grange.
Through love for her, the Scriptures prove,
He lost his Eden—had to move.

V.

"I note the passage where you say,
'Be mine, dear Alice, mine alone;'
And here I am alone to-day,
For Ellen and her ma have gone
To call on Dinah, Abra'ms wife,
And see a phase of quarter life.

VI.

"Your force arriv'd, and Mr. Vale
Has them employ'd in cutting ties
To build a bridge across the swale,
To land them where the quarter lies.
They said your land look'd mighty fine
When they were shown around the line.

VII.

"Tho' Mrs. Vale and Ellen dear
Are not aware I'm writing you,
They wait impatiently to hear
When you will pay the visit due.
All hope to see their friend this Fall—
Avard Antone of Antone Hall."

VIII.

So pass'd the time at Marmondale
With Lady Landon and her ward,
She waiting for the tardy mail,
Which often her enjoyment marr'd.
The Winter pass'd, the Spring had gone,
And Summer on to Autumn flown.

CHAPTER TWENTY.

I.

One Autumn day Avard Antone
Arriv'd at Duncan Vale's abode,

To find the ladies all alone;
For Duncan Vale was on the road,
Or on the chase with nimble hound,
In which he great enjoyment found.

II.

But Duncan Vale was not aware
That Antone had arriv'd that day,
So in the sport he held a share,
On the pursuit he kept his way,
Until his hounds the fox outrun,
Then brought him home at set of sun.

III.

Flush'd with excitement from the chase
On foaming steed he reach'd his home,
And brighter glow'd his florid face
When told his friend Antone had come.
His horse and gun at once he gave
Into the keeping of his slave.

IV.

In happy mood he met his friend,
With cordial greeting held his hand;

His kind inquiries did extend
To those left in his native land,
Yet chided him in terms severe
For his long absence of a year.

V.

"Has Mrs. Vale been telling you
How well your force is getting on?
How earnestly they labor, too;
How much is clear'd and plow'd and sown?
Their loss of time, a week in all,
Since they arrived, a year this Fall."

VI.

"She has not told me aught of this,
For I have no inquiries made;
My overseer efficient is,
And by his force stands undismay'd.
In all great confidence I feel,
I know them true as flint and steel.

VII.

"That old man Abra'm is a gem,
In youth receiv'd from Afric's coast;

The ship that brought him could not stem
The storm, and half the crew were lost.
With him two hundred souls or more
Were wreck'd upon a rocky shore;

VIII.

"And he sav'd Dinah, now his wife,
And mother of ten children here,
And seven more in active life
At my old home, to them so dear.
They all inherit from their birth
Their parents' traits of real worth.

IX.

"I brought him down to mind the hands,
His wife to tend the poultry yard,
For aged people's health demands
A little labor, not too hard;
It would put them in deep distress
If left to listless idleness."

X.

Said Mr. Vale: "Our tea awaits—
Please wait on Lady Landon down—

Just listen how dear Ellen prates!
  Like some fair belles we meet in town.
With me, my friend, I think you'll own
That she has quite pretentious grown."

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.

I.

Quite overjoy'd the servants were
  When through the quarter it was told
That Mas' Avard would soon be there,
  It gave delight to young and old.
Aunt Dinah rose at break of day,
To Marmondale then made her way.

II.

She there stood ling'ring 'round the door
  Until a servant did appear.
"When breakfast's over, not before,"
  She said, "tell master I am here
To learn how all is gittin' on
At Antone Hall since we've been gone."

III.

With noiseless step he reach'd his place,
And there in solemn silence stood,
As is the manner of his race
When to a household serving food.
When done, he to his master gave
The message of her aged slave.

IV.

"Please, Mas' Antone, Aunt Dinah 'tends
To see you at de door out dar."
The master rose, bow'd to his friends,
And then to Dinah did appear,
Who cried: "Ya, ya! God bless the child!
I is so glad, I's almost wild.

V.

"How is my children, Master, tell
Has any died since we come down?"
"No, Dinah, all are live and well,
And have been through the whole year gone.
They all send 'howdy,' do you hear?
And love to pap and mammy dear.

VI.

"But, Dinah, tell me how are all
The hands? And Uncle Abra'm well?"
"They is, indeed, and since last fall,
When we all's come down souf to dwell,
Not one's been ailin' in de least,
'Cept Chlo and Susan, dey've increas'd.

VII.

"Dey spects a present, Mas', from you;
Dey tell'd me I must told you so;
Somet'ing dat's perty, neat and new—
Now, I's done told you, I must go."
"Well, tell all I'll be over soon—
They need not work this afternoon."

VIII.

"But, Mas' Avard, I dun forgot,
Dey has a shuckin' dar to-night;
De corn's all haul'd upon de lot.
Now dat de moon am shinin' bright,
You all's come ober—don't you fail!—
And see how brack folks carry sail."

IX.

Then Dinah hasten'd home to tell
The news receiv'd from Antone Hall.
She said: "My child'en all am well,
And have been since we left last fall;
And Mas' Antone I did invite
To tend our shuckin' here to-night.

X.

"I spects de white folks all to come—
De ladies and de gentlemen;
And so I thought I'd hurry home
And kill dem chickens in de pen,
Dat all ob dem can have a fry—
Dey'll bring de biscuits and de pie!

XI.

"Now, Abra'm, you hang on dat pot—
I's goin' to kotch dat brood ob specks,
Don't fail to have de water hot
By time I wring dem chickens' necks.
I've all dese chickens now to pick—
Come, Dilsy, help me—you and Dick."

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.

I.

A busy year with Antone's hands,
When first upon his quarter sent,
In clearing off his cotton lands,
The entire force their labor spent;
And when the year had roll'd around,
Complete success their efforts crown'd.

II.

What happiness this sable race,
Transplanted from Virginia's soil,
Enjoy'd upon their new-made place,
When closed each day's incessant toil,
In playing fiddle and banjo,
And singing songs, as found below:

SONG.

Oh, Mas' Avard said to us one day,
"So many niggers doesn't pay,
But I want none to run away,
Nor stay here to lounge or loiter.
I'll go down souf where cotton grows,
Where 'tis so warm dey need no clothes,

And a large tract ob land inclose,
  Dat de planters call a quarter."

CHORUS: So we're all here, we are all here,
    And, Susan, don't you cry;
  For we're all here, and don't you fear,
    And, Susan, don't you die.

When we all's fust come on dis track ob land,
Dar was no place for a cabin to stand,
But all we niggers wid axes in hand
  Soon cl'ar'd a place for to build 'em.
We tuck all de dry pines dat had been blaz'd,
And soon we all's had a dozen rais'd;
If you'd been here, you'd been amaz'd
  To see how quick we fill'd dem.

CHORUS: Now we're all here, we are all here,
    And, Susan, don't you cry;
  For we're all here, and don't you fear,
    And, Susan, don't you die.

Now dat we all's hab a plenty ob room,
We'll sweep it clean wid a broom, straw-broom,
Den dance and sing by de light ob de moon;
  For dar ain't no use in frettin'.
Dar's plenty ob corn, and bacon ain't high;
Ground hogs plenty, and possums ain't shy—

We'll soon hab plenty ob chickens to fry,
For Aunt Dinah's hens am settin'.

CHORUS: And we're all here, we are all here,
And, Susan, don't you cry;
For we're all here, and don't you fear,
And, Susan, don't you die.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE.

I.

When Antone had return'd again,
He found the breakfast party gone;
Without delay he sought the twain
And found them walking on the lawn.
"My interruption please excuse,"
He said, "I bring the morning news.

II.

"We are invited to attend
A 'shucking' at my place to-night;
And on you, ladies, I'll depend.
I think 'twill give you great delight
To hear my negroes sing and play—
You know the nights are light as day."

III.

'Twas autumn, and the ripen'd corn
Was haul'd for shucking on the green;
And Abra'm went from night till morn,
When all the servants could be seen,
Inviting them from quarters round
To shuck the corn out on the ground.

IV.

The shucking came—the shrill outcry,
Which some by piping reeds prolong'd,
Was heard with voices loud and high;
And soon the place with negroes throng'd,
While deaf'ning shouts and loud huzza
Rang through the woods and fields afar.

V.

Assembl'd ere the set of sun
They took their seats in single file,
And soon the work was well begun,
Each striving to reduce the pile;
They work'd until the ground was clear'd,
Then danc'd till morning light appear'd.

VI.

Well pleas'd the Antone party were
With all they heard and saw that night,
While seated round amid the glare
Of fat pine-torches, flaming bright;
And joyful faces were perceiv'd
When Chloe and Sue their gifts receiv'd.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.

I.

"I know the potency of love—
This tender passion naught can stay,"
Said Duncan Vale; "and will improve
The time we are alone to-day,
In telling you, my dear Antone,
What long ere this you should have known."

II.

"Oh, say not so! If aught be wrong,
The knowledge of it comes too late;

But do not my suspense prolong—
Speak freely! let me know my fate!
Is Lady Landon false to me?—
Is she not what she seems to be?"

III.

"My honor urges me to say,
Although I break a solemn vow,
Your widow is a cast-away,
And has a husband living now.
She claims divorce dissolved the twain—
And he, that she has been insane."

IV.

"If this be true," replied Antone,
"And yet to marry she is free,
I'd wed her still, were this not known;
But now our union cannot be."
To wed one known to've been insane,
Or one divorc'd, I would disdain."

V.

When Lady Landon met Antone
He ask'd her for an interview;

He wish'd to hear from her alone
If what he'd heard was false or true.
"If true," said he, "I fear some blame
Will be attach'd to your fair name."

VI.

"There may be blame where praise should be,
Disgrace attach'd to innocence;
If what you've heard reflects on me,
The truth will be my own defense.
That I a secret kept from you
I must acknowledge to be true."

VII.

"But why from me a secret keep,
You should have openly confess'd
With sorrow and affliction deep?
You leave it rankling in your breast,
And thus an obstacle will prove
To confidence and mutual love."

VIII.

"If shame and deep disgrace are mine,
From overt acts or crime, Antone,

The sin and sorrow is not thine—
'Tis mine to suffer, mine alone!
To sighs, to tears and bitter grief,
Disclosure would not bring relief.

IX.

"I knew that I was innocent
Of aught that should my name disgrace,
And would not willingly consent
To tell a tale from place to place
Of fraud, conspiracy and shame,
That might reflect upon my name.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.

I.

"I knew one in my native land
Who, in her youth, became a wife
To one who soon conspir'd and plann'd
To darken and destroy her life:
Her total ruin to complete,
Lodg'd her in an insane retreat.

II.

"There she with raving maniacs stay'd,
Unseen by friends, two years or more,
Till on her keepers she had made
Impressions they had felt before
When some sane victims there lay chained,
While fiends outside their wealth retain'd.

III.

"And knowing he who there held sway
Would ne'er release one in his pow'r,
Unless they would a ransom pay,
They open'd wide her prison door,
Bade her escape at dead of night,
Though in a weak and sorry plight.

IV.

"While fleeing on till morning dawn,
Her thoughts reverted to her home,
To which were her affections drawn;
But going there might seal her doom,
For sordid fiends were on her track
To capture her and take her back.

V.

" Her face a tale of sufferings told,
Though youth and beauty linger'd there;
When she her story did unfold
She met a cold, unpitying stare,
That chang'd to dark, suspicious frown,
And brought her pride and spirits down.

VI.

" To pious priests and Christian saints
She oft her sad experience told,
But they were deaf to her complaints
And turn'd away in manner cold;
In homes where wealth and comfort reign'd
She never once admission gain'd.

VII.

" At length, she pass'd a peasant's door;
Within she saw the blazing fire—
She paused and, in a moment more,
Receiv'd a greeting from the sire,
Who said to her, with pleasant smile:
'Come in, sit down and rest the while.

VIII.

"'The dame is not quite well to-day,
And we are now both getting old—
You'd better warm yourself and stay,
You look, indeed, as if you're cold;
Though little comfort here you'll find
Save shelter from the rain and wind.'

IX.

"'And that is much to one like me,'
The woman said, in sadden'd tone;
'You know not what it is to be
Cast out into the world alone,
While others live upon your wealth,
Obtain'd by force, by fraud and stealth.'

X.

"'No,' said the peasant, 'we've no wealth
To lure the wayward on to crime;
Still we've been bless'd with perfect health,
And comfort, too, from time to time;
But now we're sad, the dame's not well—
Stay with us and your story tell.'

XI.

"'Then to the dame I'll nurse become;
Under my treatment she will mend.
I'll try to cheer your lonely home;
If you'll consent to this, my friend,
Until I am with means supplied—
Then, if you're needy, I'll provide.'

XII.

"He thank'd the woman, bade her stay
Till she a better home could find,
When she began, without delay,
To treat the dame with care so kind
That she at length began to mend
And to her duties to attend.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.

I.

"One night, while seated by the fire,
The woman told her story o'er;

A friend then came to see the sire,
  Who rose and met him at the door
And bade him enter and sit down
And give the news he'd heard in town.

II.

" 'I heard no news. In haste I went
  To find a nurse to tend my wife,
And in the search three hours I spent,
  But all dislik'd a country life ;
My better judgment I obey'd,
Resolved to find a country maid.

III.

" 'If you can tell me where to find
  A person qualified to fill
This place, to suit the patient's mind,
  And would be guided by her will,
In all things gentle, kind and true,
I shall be much oblig'd to you.'

IV.

" 'I have one here, yet do not know
  That she the charge would undertake ;

When she came here the dame was low,
And so she stay'd for pity's sake.
'Tis just two weeks since she came here:
Our friend, Sir Francis—Miss Devere.'

V.

"'Tis useless, then, for me to say
That I am glad to meet you here—
Such compliment were thrown away,
Though surely it would be sincere;
I don't like empty phrase or cant,
And have been telling what I want.

VI.

"'I now will say, if you'll consent
To stay with us three months or more,
With lib'ral wages be content,
And use the means within your pow'r
To raise my feeble wife to health,
I will secure you home and wealth.'

VII.

"'I'll go with you, but where I go
And who I am must not be known;

My reason you may sometime know.
But as I have no faults to own,
Crimes to confess or to conceal,
You must not ask me to reveal.'

VIII.

" 'Then leave with me for Finly Hall;
My home's secluded in the vale,
Surrounded by a massive wall,
Extending over hill and dale,
Where no vile meddler can intrude
Upon your wonted solitude.'

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN.

I.

"The three months quickly roll'd around
That Miss Devere agreed to stay,
And gladly Madame Finly found
Her health improving day by day;
Now that her stay was at an end
She felt much griev'd to lose her friend.

II.

"Not idle had Sir Francis been
In all the time she had been there;
Her secret he had learn'd, and then,
Convinc'd her adversaries were
Conspirators with base intent,
He had them all to prison sent.

III.

"She did not think it wise to own
Her painful secret of the past,
Since from experience she had known,
If once reveal'd, it was the last
Respectful treatment she would see,
And lose all human sympathy.

IV.

"To meet the cold, inquiring gaze
Of those who saw when she appear'd
Strange motions and eccentric ways,
None ever notic'd till they'd heard
Where she had been, and then 'twas plain
That she was hopelessly insane.

V.

"Was it not right she should be free
From one conspiring 'gainst her life,
When it was plain that she could be
No more to him a loving wife?
And could you now condemn her course
In claiming from him a divorce?"

VI.

"'Twas not her fault," replied Antone,
"But her misfortune to endure:
To live secluded and alone,
To die or live and be secure
From charges of deception made—
Our social rules must be obey'd."

VII.

"If this you make the fate of all
Such victims on the altar laid,
You will your solemn vows recall
And my seclusion not invade;
I am that one, I hear my doom—"
Bade him good night and left the room.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT.

I.

What bitter thoughts her mem'ry press'd
When in her chamber all alone!
She could not sleep, she could not rest,
For all her happiness had flown.
To her life seem'd a desert bare
Where love once bloom'd in beauty rare.

II.

"Oh, what is left to me," she said,
"If I am not to be his wife?
When peace and joy and hope have fled—
What is the precious boon of life
That I should longer suffer here
And cling to as a treasure dear?

III.

To die!—and he to live and love
Another?—No! I cannot die.
Though safe in paradise above,
I'd leave my mansion in the sky;
The walls I'd scale, resign my crown,
To tear his earthly idol down.

IV.

To sleep—to dream that I were his
By holy tie, affection deep—
Than waken from a dream like this!—
I'd welcome an eternal sleep!
I could not wake, and live, and see
Him love another more than me!"

V.

'Twas late when Lady Landon rose
From fever'd, unrefreshing sleep,
Determin'd she would not disclose
Her plans, but all a secret keep,
Nor let her crushing grief be known—
With smiles meet Ellen and Antone.

VI.

Descending to the floor below,
She found the parlors vacant there,
And, seeing this, prepar'd to go
Alone and take the morning air,
Its soul-reviving pow'r to feel
Ere she would take her morning meal.

VII.

She lov'd the soft and gentle breeze,
  Enjoy'd the sweet perfume of flow'rs,
And 'neath the tall, majestic trees
  She, musing, linger'd there for hours.
Returning by the Tourney ground,
She Antone there and Ellen found.

VIII.

"Good morning, Lady Landon dear,"
  Said Ellen; "'tis a lovely day!
We have been waiting long to hear
  What my dear governess would say,
Since 'tis agreed, with her consent,
Next week to hold a tournament."

IX.

"No opposition would avail
  When two 'gainst one in contest meet—
The question leave to Mister Vale.
  With his consent we will complete
Arrangements for the grand event,
If you with this will be content."

X.

When Antone had reveal'd their plan
To Duncan Vale, his lib'ral host,
With his consent they all began
To plan, without regard to cost,
A tournament that should outvie
All others held in years gone by.

XI.

They summon'd all the knights around,
And greatest preparations made;
The dancing-hall and tourney-ground
Their beautifying taste display'd;
They ruled each knight that join'd the sport
At least one lady should escort.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE.

I.

The autumn day, so calm and fair,
Broke on the morning clear and bright;

A hundred knights assembl'd there,
  Each with a lady dress'd in white,
Each with a knight, in costume dress'd,
Rode steeds well barded, two abreast.

II.

When Antone saw the mounted train,
  His sports in youth came fresh to mind,
And tempted him to ride again
  If he a trusty horse could find;
Each knight's was tender'd soon as run,
And he at last accepted one.

III.

When all had run, his skill he tried,
  And ev'ry time the rings he cleft;
Nine from the number with him tied,
  Rode on until but two were left;
He rode again and left but one—
The victor was Avard Antone.

IV.

The queen of beauty then to crown
  Was Antone's right, and with low bow

To Lady Landon—met her frown—
  Then plac'd the crown on Ellen's brow.
Shouts of applause rang clear and loud,
That sank to murmurs through the crowd.

V.

By him at once the queen was led
  Where supper fill'd the ample board;
With her was seated at the head,
  And soon as order was restor'd
Gave toasts with wit and sentiment
To the assembled tournament.

VI.

The signal was by bugle blast
  To summon dancers to the ball;
Arising then from the repast,
  They march'd in order to the hall.
The queen and Antone led the way,
And dancing held till break of day.

VII.

Poor Lady Landon 'mid the throng
  Suppress'd her feelings for a time,

But smarting 'neath the cruel wrong,
  Began to meditate a crime;
Her first great wrong, but half redress'd,
With this woke vengeance in her breast.,

VIII.

"Oh, why," she mused, "was this my fate?
  What sin was mine, to be aton'd?
My sufferings to mitigate
  I ask'd of Him who sits enthron'd—
The ruler of the universe—
Can He not shield me from this curse?

IX.

"Oh, why was I allow'd to be
  The victim of conspiring fiends?
Shut out from human sympathy
  And robb'd of liberty and means?
Why was I forc'd to leave my home
And doom'd in foreign lands to roam?

X.

"This must not be," she said at last,
  And strove her spirits to regain.

"I have been patient in the past,
No longer passive I'll remain;
And yet 'tis best so to appear
Until I see my way more clear."

XI.

The music ceas'd; 'twas early dawn.
The mounted throng soon rode away,
And Lady Landon cross'd the lawn,
The mansion reach'd at break of day;
With spirits sadden'd and depress'd
She to her room retir'd to rest.

CHAPTER THIRTY.

I.

A blighted life is hers that's placed
Beneath the ban and call'd insane—
Despis'd, insulted and disgraced
She cannot be herself again;
In ev'ry act of hers friends see
Some token of insanity.

II.

How many not insane still dwell
In cells secluded and alone,
And though their keepers know it well,
They dare not let the truth be known;
They know, when such are there confin'd,
The motto is: "Deaf, dumb and blind."

III.

So Lady Landon in the past
Had spent two years of precious time;
Into a maniac's cell was cast,
When in her youth and beauty's prime
By vile conspirators for gain
Who branded her as one insane. *

IV.

To her how dark the future seem'd
Without one bright, soul-cheering ray;
Of love and happiness she'd dream'd
But now that dream had pass'd away
And left her scorn'd and cast aside,
A waif upon life's turbid tide.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.

I.

'Twas past the middle of the day
When Lady Landon rose to find
The family had driv'n away
To call upon their rector kind;
And there the afternoon they spent
In talking of the tournament.

II.

"But why did not your noble queen
Give us a friendly call?" he said.
"If you our Lady Landon mean,
I'll say we left her still in bed;
But here's the queen that fill'd the throne—
Miss Ellen Vale," replied Antone.

III.

"Long live our queen," the rector said,
And may her gentle scepter wave
O'er all her empire blessings shed
Upon the freeman and the slave.
A youthful queen, indeed, Antone!
I fear she cannot reign alone."

IV.

"Her willing vassal I became
Ere she had yet receiv'd the crown,"
Replied Antone, "and in my name
No pow'r could bring her scepter down;
Ere she again ascends the throne,
Dear rector, will you make us one?"

V.

"The queen this question must decide,
Unless her parents here should claim
She is too young to be a bride,
Prefer that she'd not change her name."
"Her wish is ours," said Duncan Vale;
"Restraints of law you'll not assail."

VI.

That night Antone and Ellen stood
By dimly-lighted altar, where
The rector broke the solitude
By offering a fervent pray'r;
The organ peal'd a sweet refrain,
Then he in wedlock join'd the twain.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO.

I.

The tidings of their nuptials flew
  Like autumn leaves before the gale
Till all but Lady Landon knew.
  Ere they arriv'd at Marmondale,
It was agreed Avard Antone
To her the sad news should make known.

II.

"How has my lady spent the day?"
  He quickly ask'd when first they met.
"I tried," she said, "to drive away
  All thoughts of one who could forget
His solemn promise, made to me,
Now that our union cannot be."

III.

"A wise conclusion," said Antone,
  "When you reflect on what is past;
I hope no hatred will be shown
  By either, since the die is cast.
My struggle great, to end the strife
I've made Miss Ellen Vale my wife."

IV.

The flush that mounted to her cheek
Turn'd in a moment deadly pale,
But like the snow on mountain peak
That's whirl'd away in Winter's gale,
With settl'd look of mental pain
Her normal color came again.

V.

"Forgive me, Alice, and prepare
To meet us at the festal board,
The fam'ly only will be there;
Now let good feeling be restor'd."
"I will indeed," she then replied;
"I lov'd the groom, I love the bride."

VI.

Then to her room in haste she went,
A fatal drug secur'd from sight;
With mind on speedy vengeance bent,
Before the dawn of morning light,
She, with a footstep firm and slow,
Enter'd the banquet hall below.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE.

I.

"Vengeance is mine," thus saith the Lord :
"I will avenge thine enemy,"
Rung in her ears, distinctly heard ;
She still impatient seem'd to be,
And said : "If now on vengeance bent,
Make me thy willing instrument."

II.

On entering the room she found
The table set, with dainties spread,
But no one there. She glided round
Where stood the tea-urn at the head ;
Then raised the lid with eager haste,
And in the urn the poison plac'd.

III.

Then stealthily retrac'd her steps,
And pass'd into the drawing-room,
Where on a lounge of crimson reps
Together sat the bride and groom.
She greeted him, the bride embrac'd,
Her loving arms around her plac'd.

IV.

"Where are your parents, Ellen dear?"
Said Lady Landon to the bride.
"Oh, they will very soon be here,"
She with a pleasant smile replied.
"They're slow to take their leave," said he,
"When calling at the rectory."

V.

"Why, ma, what made you stay so late?"
Said Ellen, when at last they came;
"It seem'd so long for us to wait—
The rector, surely, is to blame.
Now, Lady Landon, let the groom
Escort you to the supper-room."

VI.

All seated round the table were,
And serv'd from ev'ry sav'ry dish
Nam'd in a lib'ral bill of fare,
Including flesh and fowl and fish,
With toast and tea in great supply,
And dessert, too, of cake and pie.

VII.

Said Lady Landon, "I will tell
A story, all composed in rhyme,
Which Ellen dear remembers well,
Commencing, 'Once upon a time.'"
The story told our time and space
Forbid repeating in this place.

VIII.

Her interesting story told,
She, laughing, to the servant said,
"I've talked so long my tea is cold;
Bring me another dish instead."
Another cup was soon supplied;
The servant set the tea aside.

IX.

"Now for a story from the groom!
He has not told us one as yet.
Give us 'The Witch Upon the Broom,'
That story I could ne'er forget.
My mother often told it me
At my old home across the sea.

X.

"And, oh! how frighten'd I have been
When father told some ghostly tale!
I often fancied I saw then
Weird apparitions, ghastly pale,
That rais'd my brother's hair and mine,
Like quills upon a porcupine."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR.

I.

"What! all asleep," she said at last;
"The surest way to drown your cares,"
And, rising silently, she pass'd
Up to her room, one flight of stairs.
Seizing a brand, she mounted higher,
And set the lofty tow'rs on fire.

II.

Returning to the room she left,
A scene of horror met her view :

All nearly were of life bereft,
Antone's face wore a livid hue.
He spoke her name, but nothing more,
When Alice halted at the door.

III.

"Avard," she said, "the time draws near
When you must bid this earth farewell;
I'll follow you to that bright sphere,
E'en though you pass thro' death and hell:
You'll find me ever by your side,
And own me as your spirit bride.

IV.

"Die now and know we meet again!
Our deeds unite us, and forever!
I sinn'd through love, bestow'd in vain;
You through vows you lightly sever,
Or break through greed of gain alone—
We meet again! farewell, Antone!"

V.

"Stay, Alice! stay!" was Antone's call;
"One word, and I die satisfied."

But she strode through the lighted hall,
The tourney-ground, the river side,
Fled to the cliff in frenzied mood
To plunge into the surging flood.

VI.

With deadly weapons in each hand
That brightly in the starlight gleam'd,
She held at bay the servile band
Which bent upon her capture seem'd,
As onward 'neath the midnight moon
She fled to death, a welcome boon.

VII.

Upon the cliff she turn'd to view
The lofty mansion, once her home,
Confronting still the sable crew.
"One step," she said, "may seal your doom.
Look back and see my pow'r display'd,
My vengeance wreak'd for trust betray'd."

VIII.

She drew her robes of snowy white
Around her tall, majestic form;

Then cried, "O God of life and light!
From out life's darkest clouds and storm
I come to Thee, for bliss or woe"—
And plung'd into the deep below.

IX.

Transfix'd, the throng then turn'd to gaze
Upon the home of Duncan Vale.
The lofty towers all ablaze
Lit up the park at Marmondale,
And clouds of smoke and tongues of flame
From out the burning mansion came.

X.

They heard the shrieks that rent the air,
The cry for mercy die away
Into a wail of deep despair—
And Marmondale in ruins lay.
And Lady Landon lit the fire
That prov'd a family funeral pyre.

My muse farewell! a sad farewell—
Yet stay to wake my harp again,

And let its soothing numbers swell
To sound a solemn, sweet refrain
For those dear ones, now pass'd from earth
By death, so call'd—the second birth.

They've pass'd, and upward is their flight
And onward through the countless years,
To bathe in that eternal light
Which shines for all in higher spheres;
The light of justice, truth and love,
Reflected from God's throne above.

A THOUGHT.

The moonbeams shimmer on the lake,
While angry waves that restless lie
Destroy the picture it would take
Of azure dome and starry sky.
So with a calm, sweet smiling face:
If waves of passion o'er it roll,
They will its loveliness erase,
And mar the beauty of the soul.

EVEOLEAN:

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER ONE.

I.

To cheer the aged in their gloom,
And give the youthful heart delight,
Illumine with historic light
Events that slumber in the tomb,
My muse has giv'n in simple rhyme
This story of the olden time.

II.

Where Sacandaga's waters sweep
Around to Hudson's rolling tide,
Close by the sloping mountain side,
Where lofty pines their vigils keep,
Stand sentinels round home and hearth
Wherein my story had its birth.

III.

There, 'neath the spreading maple's shade,
Where trailing vines each lattice lin'd,
Through which the morning glories twin'd,
And streams of golden sunlight play'd,
The mansion stood in days of yore,
Close by the Sacandaga's shore.

IV.

There dwelt a kind and quiet man,
Without ambition, without pride,
Whose every want was well supplied,
Whose life in even tenor ran,
His Eden fair and place of birth
To him the loveliest spot on earth

V.

One cycle in the flight of time,
A century has pass'd away
Since tyranny and British sway
Reveal'd itself in blood and crime,
Which waken'd patriotic fire
In every native son and sire.

VI.

And now full sixty years had flown
  Since Robbin Ray first saw the light,
  And forty since the happy night
He claim'd his Mary as his own.
  The frosts of time were on each brow,
  Still on their cheeks the ruddy glow.

VII.

An only son was laid to rest,
  In sight, down by the river side;
  A daughter, too, one year a bride,
Her infant sleeping on her breast;
  But one was left, then aged nineteen,
  Her parents call'd dear "Eveolean."

VIII.

With golden tresses, unconfin'd,
  And sweet, expressive violet eyes,
  And lips well ting'd with ruby dyes
On beds of purest pearls reclin'd;
  With Grecian features, lily fair,
  She reign'd the queen of beauty there.

CHAPTER TWO.

I.

The aged sire at twilight hour
Sat resting now, his day's work done,
And gazed upon the setting sun,
Not thinking that a foreign pow'r
Ere morning dawn'd would take his place,
And hold him in its strong embrace.

II.

But lo! before the midnight gloom
Had spread its mantle o'er the scene
A stately form, with lordly mien,
Attended by his trusty groom,
Rode down the glen and stopp'd before
The sturdy farmer's bolted door.

III.

And crav'd admission for the night,
And food and shelter for their needs,
And forage for their weary steeds ;
And paid in tempting silver bright.
Well pleas'd they seem'd, retir'd to rest,
And deem'd no one would them molest.

IV.

In dreams the stranger saw the form
Of one who seem'd a vision fair,
With sweet expression, modest air,
And faultless features, mild and calm,
With deep soul-meaning in her eyes—
An angel seem'd from paradise.

V.

The clock struck two when mutt'rings low
Were heard around the farmer's door,
And stealthy steps of one or more
Were heard to quickly come and go;
For ever-watchful Robbin Ray
Well knew the perils of the day.

VI.

And from his childhood he had known
The need of watchfulness at times,
For such was life that bloody crimes
By savages were often done;
Yet not alone this danger came:
Great Britain, too, enforced her claim

VII.

To govern, and in doing so
A cruel war with them had wag'd,
In which the stranger was engag'd,
Who, waking, heard the noise below.
He rose and dress'd and call'd his groom;
Both arm'd, kept silent in the room.

VIII.

At first a gentle rap was heard,
And others then which louder grew,
Until the door was split in two,
At which old Robbin Ray demurr'd;
And with a weapon in his hand
He bravely met the hostile band.

CHAPTER THREE.

I.

But at that moment what he saw
Alarm'd him greatly, for he knew

The British costume from the blue—
An Indian from a white outlaw.
A moment he held them at bay,
Then 'neath an Indian quiv'ring lay.

II.

The daughter, shrieking, grasp'd the arm
The gleaming tomahawk uprais'd,
The trembling wife in horror gaz'd,
And could not shield the sire from harm;
Nor was it left for her to do—
The stranger to the rescue flew.

III.

"Hold, savage chief!" young Glenham said,
And drew his sword to save his host;
One drop of blood your life shall cost!
Harm not a hair upon his head;
Touch not the matron nor the maid,
Let no rude hands on them be laid!

IV.

"You know me, sergeant! I command
Your lawless band to be withdrawn!

Is this the way that Sergeant Vaughn
Puts down rebellion in the land?
Is this the way attacks you make
On quiet homes, good order break?

V.

"Is this the way you serve our king,
And bring dishonor on his cause?
By breaking military laws
Disgrace upon our country bring?
Know now from hence and evermore,
You're not to plunder, but restore."

VI.

"Your order, sir, will be obey'd;
I will command my men from hence,
And please your host to recompense
For the destruction we have made.
When we shall meet in camp again
I will repay you and explain."

CHAPTER FOUR.

I.

The rosy morning woke to life,
When on her couch the sunshine smil'd
With beaming face, all calm and mild,
And dream'd not of the recent strife
That woke the peaceful slumbers there
Of sire and dame and maiden fair.

II.

Lieutenant Glenham left in haste,
With sorrow bade them all good-day,
And mounted then his iron-grey,
Which his fine figure so well grac'd.
He paid the damage done by Vaughn,
And rode away at early dawn.

III.

His course he kept o'er hill and dale
To where King George's forces lay,
And halted not at close of day
On his well-trodden Indian trail,
Until the message, kept conceal'd,
Was safe on Britain's tented field.

IV.

Lieutenant Glenham, whom we've made
The hero of our story here,
Was brave and noble and sincere;
A Briton of the highest grade,
Well educated and refined,
With all good sense and wealth combin'd.

V.

A model of perfection rare
For painter and for sculptor, too;
With eyes and hair of deep brown hue,
Complexion rosy, clear and fair;
A full rich voice and diction clear—
We introduce our hero here.

VI.

A message came at early dawn,
And Glenham was the chosen man
To take the answer back again;
And starting met with Sergeant Vaughn,
Who told the reason why his raid
On Robbin Ray was lately made.

VII.

A Tory, friendly to the cause,
Well suited with colonial life,
Had laid his plans to make a wife
Of Eveolean against the laws,
Against her parents' wish and will—
'Twas this his mission to fulfill.

CHAPTER FIVE.

I.

The sun was setting, and the sky
Gave signs of an approaching show'r;
When Nature speaks with grandest pow'r
In rolling thunder from on high,
Its advent heralds with the glare
Of forked lightnings through the air.

II.

But in a moment he drew near
A farmer's dwelling by the way;

It was the home of Robbin Ray,
The place to him in mem'ry dear,
Where he had love's ideal seen
In real form—fair Eveolean.

III.

Not thinking he would e'er return,
They met him with unfeign'd surprise,
And notwithstanding his disguise
And military manner stern,
They welcom'd him with kindly cheer,
And in his presence felt no fear.

IV.

In conversation he engaged,
In which the dame and daughter join'd,
When Glenham in his way explain'd
The reason why the war was waged.
The farmer listened to the end,
Then said, not wishing to offend :

V.

"I hope we soon shall find the way
To free ourselves from foreign power.

To me this seems the darkest hour
That I have seen for many a day;
And happiness is not for me
Until I find my country free."

VI.

The daughter listen'd with respect
To what her father had to say;
Then, in a cheerful, pleasant way,
She said: "Can England now expect
To conquer us on our own soil,
And she upon a distant isle?

VII.

"If our protection is their aim,
Our freedom can no barrier prove;
If mercenary motives move,
What is that patriotic flame
That glows for us, but greed of gain?
Lieutenant Glenham, please explain."

VIII.

A moment Glenham sat amaz'd,
And look'd into her fair young face;

His patriotism had given place
To admiration, and he prais'd
The principles by her laid down,
Condemned the action of the Crown.

CHAPTER SIX.

I.

The clock struck nine, and Robbin Ray,
By labor being sorely press'd,
Prepared to take his wanted rest.
When he had shown his guest the way
Up to his room, set down the light,
And pleasantly bade him good-night.

II.

But sleep on him no influence flung,
For thoughts then teeming in his brain,
Till on the roof the patt'ring rain
For hours in tuneful cadence sung,
As sweet and soft as zephyr's sigh,
Or mother's plaintive lullaby.

III.

How short the hours of sweetest sleep,
And sweet the waking hour that brings
No bitter thoughts, no conscience stings,
No faults to own, no tears to weep;
With mind to highest thoughts applied,
And every want of life supplied.

IV.

When Glenham rose and went below
He met Dame Ray presiding there,
Whose glowing face and silv'ry hair
A study'd made for Angelo;
And greetings were exchang'd between
The mother, him and Eveolean.

V.

Then to the dame, as she drew near,
He said: "I wish to speak with you,
And when you've heard my story through
You will not wonder I am here.
I love your daughter; could I gain
Her love, to you I would explain."

VI.

"We're getting old," she said at last,
With kindly tone and pleasant smile,
"And could not spare our darling child;
But, for your kindness in the past,
With her I'll grant an interview,
And then will talk again with you."

CHAPTER SEVEN.

I.

"Miss Eveolean, since you've express'd
Your views on liberty last night,
I'll ask," said Glenham, "if 'tis right
To hold in bondage and unrest
A truly fond and loving heart
In which your love would hold no part?"

II.

"In all pure loving hearts I claim
One sacred niche to dedicate

To friendship, pure, immaculate,
And leave its owner free the same,
With right to dispossess me still,
A tenant occupy at will."

III.

"But no, I meant a stronger tie—
A passion, lasting one for life,
Such as exists 'tween man and wife;
A passion that can never die,
Endures beyond death's cold, dark flood,
The ruling attribute of God."

IV.

"Indeed, kind sir, I would not hold
Undue control o'er any heart;
You're free to come and to depart,
And need not be by me controll'd.
I give my thought in language plain:
If you're in bondage, break the chain."

V.

"But how, dear girl, is one to know
Before a citadel is stormed,

Or other warlike acts performed,
The force requir'd to lay it low?
And failing then to make it yield,
The wounded cannot leave the field.

VI.

"Upon the wounded list I stand,
And cannot convalescent prove,
Unless you will return my love.
I cannot leave your native land,
Nor can I ever live apart
From you, the idol of my heart.

VII.

"Yes, Eveolean, my love for thee
Forbids all thoughts of my return;
For home and lov'd ones I may yearn,
Yet never shall I cross the sea;
My form may sail to that fair shore,
My soul turn hither evermore.

VIII.

"And when my bark would anchor there,
To meet old friends no joy would bring;

They'd find me but a shatter'd thing,
A prey to passion and despair;
Leave me to wander through that isle,
My spirit with thee yet the while.

IX.

"Will Eveolean remember me
When I am gone? I shall not change,
Nor will my fancy ever range
A fairer face or form to see.
Remember this when I am gone,
My heart will beat for thee alone."

X.

Then, turning to the dame, he said:
"Let me your kindness now repay,
For I must be upon my way,
By military duty lead;"
Took leave, not stopping to explain,
And soon was on the road again.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

I.

'Twas afternoon when Robbin Ray
Came home, and told the news he'd heard
A neighbor who had sent him word
Had his provisions, grain and hay
All seized by loyalists, and drawn
Away by Indians led by Vaughn.

II.

"I'm sorry now that Glenham's gone,"
The mother said, with look serene.
"And so am I," said Eveolean;
"He is the one to cope with Vaughn.
But if he's on another raid,
I think he'll not our place invade."

III.

"But why did Glenham leave so soon?"
The father ask'd in anxious tone.
"He talk'd with Eveolean alone,
And did not leave till afternoon,"
The dame replied; "from her I learn
'Tis not his purpose to return."

IV.

The day had pass'd, but war and strife
Its termination none could tell,
And fainter, fainter down the dell
Was heard the hum of busy life;
And all, by sorrow deep oppress'd,
At early eve retired to rest.

V.

But sleep no soothing influence brought
To rest the mind of Robbin Ray,
Until the night had worn away,
When he the sound of voices caught;
He rose and, looking out, espied
Three wagons by the highway side.

VI.

To each attach'd one pair of bays,
And with each team and driver there
Six men in Indian costume were;
An officer who had Vaughn's ways
Appear'd commander of the train—
Were foraging for hay and grain.

VII.

His well-filled barn attraction formed,
And there the teams at once were sent;
In loading half an hour was spent.
Then, coming to the house well armed,
They told him they must take him, too,
To British camp to get his due.

VIII.

In order that no one should know
That he was to receive his pay
He must low in the wagon lay,
And speak not but in accents low;
He'd have no reason to complain,
As they would bring him back again.

CHAPTER NINE.

I.

Then Robbin, taking hasty leave
Of wife and daughter, then in tears—

They for his safety having fears,
Well knowing these men would deceive—
Was kindly placed upon the load,
And driv'n away upon the road.

II.

As soon as he had gone, they said:
"Get ready now, for you must go,"
When Eveolean at once said "No,
You'll not on women make a raid;
We can not leave the place alone,
'Twill be destroy'd when we are gone."

III.

The sergeant said, respectfully:
"My orders here must be obey'd,
We must not be at all delay'd;
Prepare yourselves immediately;
Your silence safety will insure,
My men will make your house secure."

IV.

They started at the early dawn;
O'er eastern hills they took their flight,

And halted not from morn till night;
By fleetest steeds their captives drawn,
Who on the load well guarded lay,
And dared not speak the livelong day.

V.

On lofty Kayaderosseras
Lake Desolation passed at noon,
In the embrace its mirror shone,
Of bouldered shores all decked with moss;
Their panting teams were nigh immersed
Ere they would halt to quench their thirst.

VI.

Descending to the vale below,
They cross'd the stream that Corinth drains;
Then on to Saratoga plains,
Where now the healing waters flow.
The High Rock spring e'en then was known
To Indians, for centuries flown.

VII.

When twilight hour had spread her wings
O'er all the earth and tree and flow'r,

And nature made her magic hour
For sleep, which restoration brings,
They journey'd on, round lake and swamp,
Until they reach'd the British camp.

VIII.

A tent they spread and blankets laid,
Whereon their captives might find rest;
And being by fatigue oppress'd,
They woke not till the sunlight play'd
On western side of tree and tent,
Their needed sleep such solace lent.

CHAPTER TEN.

I.

'Twas late when Glenham reach'd the place
With answers to dispatches sent,
And there a sleepless night he spent
In searching for, but found no trace
Of one to whom they should be given,
Till in the morning near eleven.

II.

On his return he found a change
Had taken place at Robbin Ray's,
That in his absence of two days
His army'd taken wider range,
And cross'd the eastern sandy plain
In search of forage, food and grain.

III.

He saw they'd been in mischief there,
The house was clos'd, the inmates gone,
And cattle graz'd upon the lawn,
Where beds of fairest flowers were;
On doors and windows boards were nail'd,
Protecting them from being assail'd.

IV.

On finding this place left alone,
He made more haste to reach the field;
And knowing danger lay conceal'd,
He took a trail but little known,
And travel'd on throughout the night,
And reach'd the army at daylight.

V.

Once more upon the tented plain,
  He felt more safe than he had done,
  And resting till the hour of one,
He rose and dress'd himself again;
  A fellow officer he found,
  Who told the news then going round.

VI.

He said to him: "A strange affair
  Has happen'd while you were away:
  A Tory who had come to stay
Had brought a perfect beauty there;
  She and her mother guarded lie
  Within a tent in camp near by.

VII.

"A soldier who had join'd the raid,
  And help'd the Tory steal away
  The family that guarded lay,
Had sav'd some papers he display'd;
  On one of them this ode was seen:
  'To Liberty, by Eveolean.'"

VIII.

"O Liberty, thy sacred name
Stands out to our admiring gaze,
Upon our banners let it blaze;
By all preferr'd to wealth or fame,
For fame's proud temple is destroy'd
Where liberty is not enjoy'd.

IX.

"The word should gild each mountain peak
And flag that floats on land and sea;
Thy name, O God, and liberty,
The dearest words that man may speak,
Should ring for ever through the world,
Till borne by every flag unfurl'd."

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

I.

When Glenham heard what had been done,
He laid his plans to set them free,

Send Eveolean where she would be
No more annoy'd by loyal Munn,
Who utiliz'd war's deadly strife
To force her to become his wife.

II.

Upon the field a house well known
The officers' headquarters were,
And thither was this maiden fair
To be convey'd at set of sun;
The Tory force a priest had found,
To have them in strong wedlock bound.

III.

The sunset found the captives there,
The bride array'd in common dress,
The family in deep distress.
The priest commenc'd with fervent prayer,
Then bade the couple join their hands—
When Robbin Ray forbade the bands.

IV.

"State your objections," said the priest;
"I'll pause if legal they appear."

"I know that she's compell'd by fear,"
Said Robbin Ray, "to say the least."
"Sir, such objections will not hold —
Proof's wanting she's by fear controll'd."

V.

"She need not be, for I am here,"
Lieutenant Glenham shouted then,
Who, entering with a band of men,
Then claim'd the right to interfere;
"Hold, sir, the right I now defend,
Your ceremony's at an end.

VI.

"Is this the way you serve our cause?
Your sacred office you fulfill?—
Force one to marry 'gainst her will,
And break divine and moral laws,
Which solemnly declare that all,
Love lacking, are not wed at all?

VII.

"Your carriage waits you at the door,
Friend Ray, this is your time to fly.

Now, Sergeant Vaughn, let them pass by,
Put up your sword, you'll need no more;
In this your valor and renown
Will satisfy the English crown."

VIII.

Then quickly Glenham led the way,
With Eveolean upon his arm;
Her mother, too, without alarm,
Lean'd on her husband, Robbin Ray;
All seated in the carriage were,
And driven home with speed and care.

CHAPTER TWELVE.

I.

Now seated in his tent alone,
A fit of frenzy seized his brain;
His thoughts o'erwhelming seem'd again
Of her he fain would make his own.
To him the joys of heaven above
Were nothing to her priceless love.

II.

As leaves that gentle zephyrs stir,
His hope on slender tenure hung;
In mental strains his muses sung
This rhapsody of love for her,
In sweet and plaintive language dress'd,
In frenzied thoughts but half express'd:

III.

"O Eveolean, since I have known
Thy peerless beauty, priceless worth,
I prize thee more than aught of earth;
Thy love my guiding star alone,
Thro' dangers past, thro' toil and strife—
My hope and joy, my light and life.

IV.

"If on the scorching desert sand
In burning thirst I fainting lay,
One cooling draught I'd throw away;
No sparkling fountain near at hand,
One flowing chalice I'd resign,
To taste one draught of love like thine;

V.

"If death's cold hand were on me laid,
My spirit flutt'ring to be free,
I'd clip its wings with love for thee,
Till ebbing life again was stay'd,
And mutual loves of equal birth
A paradise restor'd on earth."

VI.

The morning came, and with it all
The doubt and danger warfare brings;
He soar'd no more on fancy's wings,
But felt the real when the call,
"To arms! to arms!" with martial tramp,
Resounded through the British camp.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

I.

The army quickly rallied then,
Each brave commander at his post,

Prepared to meet the coming host
Of brave and patriotic men,
Who came with firm and fearless tread,
By Arnold Gates and Morgan led.

II.

With Major Ackland's grenadiers,
And Williams with artillery,
Ridesel Phillips and Fraser see,
With Englishmen, both lords and peers,
Their forces all in concert join,
Led on by General John Burgoyne.

III.

The heavy guns on Breman's hill,
Advance proclaim'd on Bemis heights ;
With eyes all fix'd upon their sights,
The patriots kept calm and still,
Till from the British lines there came
One volley, with a flash and flame.

IV.

The Continental forces then
Their fire return'd, with sight so keen

That fifty lay upon the green ;
Some were the bravest of their men.
Four officers both true and tried
That day with General Fraser died.

V.

With desperate charge the Britons fell
Upon the Continentals then,
With officers and bravest men;
While round them rain'd the shot and shell,
And on each side were all engag'd,
For hours the fiercest battle rag'd.

VI.

In foremost ranks the Indians stood,
And many a chief and brave was slain,
Fought hand to hand with patriot men,
Until the ground was drench'd with blood ;
The Hessians also join'd the fight,
Which lasted till 'twas nearly night.

VII.

The dead and dying strew'd the field
When on each side they ceased to fire,

And all exhausted did retire,
Though neither side confess'd to yield;
The Britons waited till next day
For re-enforcements on the way.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

I.

'Twas autumn, and the mountain side
Was deck'd with crimson, green and gold,
And foliage tinted by the cold
Fell on the earth, all sear and dried,
And by the wind was whirl'd away,
Around the home of Robbin Ray.

II.

The evening cool, around the fire
Were seated sire and dame and maid,
And news from camp was not delay'd
That satisfied each fond desire;
But Eveolean express'd her fears
The struggle might still last for years.

III.

If re-enforcements should arrive
In time to save Burgoyne defeat,
The victory he might complete,
That victory he'd failed to drive:
When nigh o'erpower'd our forces lay,
If he'd pursued had gain'd the day.

IV.

For when the slightest victory's won,
To make it final and secure,
And make it one that will endure,
Blow after blow should follow on
In quick succession, lest they lay
And gather strength to gain the day.

V.

She finish'd speaking, when the sound
Of raps was heard upon the door.
'Twas open'd in a moment more,
And there an officer they found,
And welcom'd him with glad surprise—
They found 'twas Glenham in disguise.

VI.

They knew his voice, and had no fear
When he was near of danger more;
A warmer greeting than before
Was tender'd him in love sincere.
They spoke of dangers lately pass'd,
And fondly hop'd they'd be the last.

VII.

And Eveolean felt quite reliev'd
When Glenham told of Vaughn's sad fate,
Who with the Tory died of late
Of wounds in battle they'd receiv'd;
To save from penalty of crime,
Death came to their relief in time.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

I.

While they convers'd the cloth was laid,
And, tea announced, they all sat down;

When Glenham said he hop'd the Crown
Would see the error it had made,
And seek not to subdue by force,
But take a just and lib'ral course.

II.

To this at once the sire replied:
"Our freedom would a blessing prove,
And fighting with a race we love
Akin would seem to fratricide.
Their claims against this colony
If paid by us we should be free."

III.

To this young Glenham gave assent,
And seem'd to feel a strong desire
For peace, and so assur'd the sire;
To patriotic views gave vent:
"If subjugation is their plan,
I will resign: I'm not the man."

IV.

Then turning to the daughter said:
"I think you've nothing now to fear,

No lurking foe, no savage near;
Your Tory persecutor dead,
I can your safety now insure
And future happiness secure."

V.

She said: "No language can express
The gratitude we feel to you;
And what of sorrow we pass through,
Or what of joy or happiness
You may not share, the praise or blame,
My friendship will remain the same."

VI.

"Is friendship then the strongest tie,
And ruling sentiment with you,
An offset for my love so true?
My first pure love that cannot die
That reigns supreme within my heart,
Forbidding we should ever part."

VII.

She sat a moment wrapp'd in thought,
Then in a low sweet voice replied:

"You fight on the oppressor's side,
Have lately 'gainst my people fought;
For this my love has been retain'd,
While gratitude my friendship gain'd."

VIII.

"If that is all, then promise me,
If my position I resign,
Some future time you will be mine,
Go with me home across the sea.
I will a splendid home provide
Your parents on the other side."

IX.

He paus'd in speaking when he came
To this, and she with fond sweet smile,
A glow upon her face the while,
And thrill that seem'd to shake her frame,
In sweet and trem'lous tones replied:
"My friendship is to love allied."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

I.

The morning came. A brighter day
Had never dawn'd on Glenham yet,
For he had love's ideal met,
A star to guide him on his way;
Its light fell on love's holy shrine,
And glitt'ring now would ever shine.

II.

Refresh'd by sweetest sleep he rose,
No troubled dreams disturb'd his rest,
And cheerfully and quickly dress'd;
To Robbin Ray then did propose
That he should bear him company,
Some English friends of his to see.

III.

To this consented Robbin Ray,
And when the morning meal was done
Their horses, saddled, mounted on;
Then to the west they rode away
To where a noble mansion stood,
Within a grove of forest wood.

IV.

A servant led the way, and said:
"Sir Arthur Glenham and his friend,"
To whom Sir William did extend
A cordial greeting, and then led
Them to the room where dinner laid
Was of the choicest viands made.

V.

When seated there the table round,
Convers'd with freedom and with ease.
"Our mutual friend must cross the seas,"
He said, "to know the pleasure found
In social converse which is there,
But in the colonies so rare."

VI.

"That's true," said Glenham; "Mister Ray
Would much enjoy our English life,
So would his daughter and his wife;
I hope to meet them there some day.
Sir William, have you ever seen
His lovely daughter, Eveolean?"

VII.

"I may have seen her, cannot tell,
May know by sight the timid fawn;
She's mention'd in the raid by Vaughn,
I think, if I remember well."
"She is; 'twas she they stole away,
Her mother, too, and Mr. Ray."

VIII.

"But why was this allow'd to be?
Were there no officers at hand?"
"The one who led the lawless band
Was sergeant of his company;
He and the Tory there engag'd
Were both kill'd when the battle rag'd."

IX.

"My dear Sir William," Glenham said,
"I must at once to camp return.
When you the secret cause shall learn,
Don't think that you have been betray'd;
Still on your kindness I'll depend—
You know I've always been your friend."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

I.

They took their leave, and on the way
He told old Robbin of his love,
And hop'd he would his suit approve,
'Twould bring for him a happier day;
His new commission from the Crown
For bravery past he would lay down.

II.

Then Robbin Ray gave his consent,
But did not know what Mary'd say.
"These women like to have their way,"
He, laughing, said, as on they went;
"You can your plans to her make known,
Then she'll not fear being left alone."

III.

When they arriv'd 'twas late at night,
Yet light and cheerful all within;
The mother there, with Eveolean,
Sat reading by the fire so bright;
The supper they had long kept warm,
Was soon spread out in tempting form.

IV.

Miss Eveolean at once address'd
Sir Arthur by Sir William call'd,
Which Robbin Ray so much appall'd
The title was by him suppress'd:
"You must have ridden far away,
Or had with friends a pleasant stay."

V.

"We did, indeed," he then replied;
"I'll leave it to your father there—
Were treated to a lib'ral share
Of all the good things there supplied."
"All in the fine old English style,"
The father added, with a smile.

VI.

'Twas late, and all retir'd to rest,
Not waiting to converse a while,
And Eveolean with pleasant smile
Bade them good-night, with the request
She might be call'd at break of day,
As she would see Glenham away.

VII.

'Twas morning, and the day was fair;
When Glenham rose and went below,
His every wish they seem'd to know,
For every thing was ready there:
The breakfast smoking, coffee pour'd,
Dame Ray presiding at the board.

VIII.

The meal enjoy'd, he then prepar'd
To leave for camp, for he had one
Great ruling passion, one alone,
For which he fate and fortune dar'd;
His love for Eveolean the pow'r
Made him improve the present hour.

IX.

And starting ere the sun had shown,
He reach'd the camp before 'twas night,
Not falt'ring, knowing he was right,
At once laid his commission down;
Then in his courteous, easy style,
He bade adieu to rank and file.

X.

Then leisurely he made his way
Back to the place from whence he came,
Thought not of fame or honor'd name,
But principles of right obey'd,
And ere two suns had rose and set
With Eveolean again he met.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

I.

From his official duties free,
And free from war and deadly strife,
The reigning motive of his life
A pleasant home across the sea,
He begg'd them name an early day—
The nuptials not to long delay.

II.

The prudent dame express'd her fears
That they might be displeas'd at last,

And griev'd, too, when their home had pass'd
To other hands, and then shed tears.
She said : "We may not like, I fear,
On that account wish ourselves here."

III.

"Then name the value of your land
And property you here may leave,
Then let the farm and rent receive ;
I'll pay the gold for all on hand.
The title to your lands retain
In case you would return again."

IV.

"In this, I know we cannot doubt
Your kind intentions and your love
For Eveolean, and will approve
Of this your plan when brought about.
We could not live without our dear,
Nor would she go and leave us here."

V.

"Then name the day, and leave to me
The details of the nuptials when

To see some English friends I've been;
Also arrang'd our voyage at sea.
I will return with means prepar'd
To cancel all if life is spar'd."

VI.

Then turning to Miss Eveolean
He said to her: "I must away;
Don't look for me until the day.
I hope that naught will intervene
To cause delay or you distress
Or mar our future happiness."

CHAPTER NINETEEN.

I.

'Twas night, and on the mountain height
And cliffs upon the mountain side,
And through the valley far and wide,
Was kindl'd there a flaming light,
Shone 'round the home of Robbin Ray,
For 'twas Sir Arthur's wedding day.

II.

He came; with him two Englishmen
And two fine English ladies were,
On coal-black steeds were mounted there;
Two Indian princes follow'd then,
On each bright silver jewels glow'd,
By each an Indian princess rode.

III.

Bright tinted feathers deck'd each head
And dress in beads and wampum sown,
Bright silver ornaments there shone
On raven tress and dress of red;
Their milk-white steeds all barded were,
And made a train of beauty rare.

IV.

They enter'd gayly on the lawn
Fronting the mansion, where they found
The guests assembl'd standing round.
Then into line were quickly drawn.
With graceful bow and wave of hand
Drew cheers from the assembl'd band.

V.

The bride was rob'd in spotless white,
Bedeck'd with wreaths of fairest flow'rs
And sprays from amaranthine bow'rs
Made fast her veil of lace so light;
One priceless gift, a precious stone,
Amid her golden tresses shone.

VI.

Arrang'd around the bride and groom
Two bridesmaids and two groomsmen stood,
All from his parish—Englewood;
The Indian maids and chiefs found room;
On right and left one couple plac'd,
The space in front the parson grac'd.

VII.

He then commenc'd with fervent prayer,
And as no one forbade the banns
He bade the couple join their hands,
And made the twain a happy pair;
"Join'd hand and heart," he said, "for life,
I now pronounce you man and wife."

VIII.

The parents fondly kiss'd the bride,
And wish'd both joy and happiness,
And to Sir Arthur did express
Themselves as pleas'd and satisfied:
He'd gain'd her hand at fearful cost,
They'd found a son for one they'd lost.

CHAPTER TWENTY.

I.

Sir William greeted cordially
The bride and groom, wish'd them much joy,
Hoping that nothing would destroy
Their happiness across the sea,
And that no grief would ever come
To them in their grand English home.

II.

The bride now kiss'd by all around,
The happy couple led the way

Into the dining-room, where they
The choicest supper ready found;
All seated round the table were,
And help'd to good and lib'ral fare.

III.

We will not follow in their train,
Nor trace their joys or sorrows here,
Their parting with their friends sincere,
And parting ne'er to meet again.
They sail'd at once for England's coast,
And on their voyage were not lost.

IV.

By Glenham's mount, with forest crown'd,
Where Avon's peaceful waters flow,
And fountains in the sunlight glow,
There in a park their home they found—
That home, the grand ancestral one,
Left to Sir Arthur, only son.

V.

There 'neath the ancient oaken shade,
'Mid trailing vines and fragrant flow'rs,

With singing birds in shady bow'rs.
A paradise on earth they made,
And from this happy union came
Three lovely pets for sire and dame.

VI.

Like mountain streams that meet and wend
Their way together to the sea,
Their waters blending peacefully;
So these pure beings to the end
Dwelt in retirement free from strife,
Enjoying mutual love and life.

VII.

To trace the lives of noble men
And lovely women is our aim—
How step by step they rose to fame.
'Twas Lady and Lord Glenham then;
At court the grandest couple seen
Sir Arthur were and Eveolean.

VIII.

My harp farewell. One ling'ring strain,
One stray note still upon its strings

In sweet, melodious accents rings.
I list to hear the sound again
Sweep down the corridors of time,
In thrilling and pathetic rhyme.

IX.

It speaks of spotless life and right,
Of liberty that will endure,
Of filial love, affection pure,
That will the home of age make bright;
Of truth, the all-prevailing pow'r,
And justice in the ruling hour.

X.

It speaks of joys, of earthly bliss,
Where love its sacred mission fills,
Lasting as the eternal hills,
Reaching to other worlds than this;
Our life and light in spheres above,
Where love is God, and God is love.

A FARMER SHOULD STICK TO HIS FARM.

I.

Far down in a valley, embower'd in shade,
A cottage stood hidden from sight;
While over its lattice sweet jessamine stray'd,
Its ample verandahs a cool retreat made—
A haven of rural delight.

II.

A landscape more lovely could never be found
Than lay in that valley so fair;
The grand, lofty mountains stood sentinels round,
Where lilies and roses profusely abound,
Their sweet blossoms scenting the air.

III.

And there, far away from the turmoil and strife
Of cities, of commerce and trade,
The owner had spent many years of his life
With his dutiful children and beautiful wife,
A snug little fortune had made.

IV.

'Twas a cold winter day, and mountain and plain
Were shrouded in deep drifting snow,
When a traveler, finding all effort in vain
His course to continue, turned into the lane
That led to the cottage below.

V.

"A terrible time to be on the highway!
If out, some will perish, I fear,"
Said Farmer Jones, clad in his suit of sheep's grey.
As he open'd the door the scene to survey
The weather-bound stranger drew near.

VI.

The young man, made welcome by sire and dame,
At once took a seat by the fire ;
Then told his profession or business and name,
And that of his firm, which had risen to fame,
His prospects when they should retire.

VII.

Soon tea was announc'd, and the sire led the way
To the dining-room, pleasant and warm,
Though little attempt was there made at display ;
Three sons and two daughters in comely array
Were then introduc'd in due form.

VIII.

The storm still continued, the young man remain'd
Till three days had pass'd since he came,
And during the time peace and harmony reign'd,
While the love of one of the daughters he gain'd,
And consent of the sire and dame.

IX.

It was by them agreed that on his return
From a tour commercial to wed.
About him, he said, they need feel no concern,
And on his arrival the lesson they'd learn
Of trusting in all that he said.

X.

It kept them all busy as they could well be
To plan for the coming event;
They went to the towns round the country to see
Where they could buy cheapest, and spent money free,
And twice to the city they sent.

XI.

The neighbors invited, the wedding day set,
And no preparation delay'd;
The young man had written, a friend he had met
Would be there as groomsman to make up the set,
The sister to be the bridesmaid.

XII.

He came on the day, with fine clothing supplied,
With him was the friend he had nam'd,
Who'd brought many presents to bridegroom and bride,
The latter a fine set of diamonds, supplied
By the firm in the city so fam'd.

XIII.

The happy time came, 'twas a bright sunny day,
Though winter was still in its prime;
The guests that attended fill'd many a sleigh,
And "haste to the wedding" was heard every way,
In the ring of the merry bells' chime.

XIV.

In robes of white satin, with flowers and lace,
Were the bride and her sister array'd;
No paint or pearl powder was needed to grace—
The bright tints of nature that glow'd in each face
Were put there to wash and not fade.

XV.

The guests all declar'd that they never had known
A happier wedding than this.
No priest with long visage and sepulchral tone,
But a jolly old magistrate made the twain one,
Then saluted the bride with a kiss.

XVI.

The wedding now over, the partyprepar'd
To leave for the city below ;
When the young man acting as groomsman declar'd,
Though the mother had said she could not be spar'd,
That with them the sister must go.

XVII.

But four against one was too much for the dame,
Who yielded reluctant consent ;
To oppose their wishes she found it was vain.
They made preparation to take the first train,
And down to the city they went.

XVIII.

At once on arriving the young men were told
The firm was about to retire ;
The partners were getting too feeble and old
To stand the fatigue and exposure to cold,
Had gone home to sit by the fire.

XIX.

From an agent they purchas'd the stock on hand,
Of the store they secur'd a lease,
For they knew it to be an excellent stand,
And drew the best customers known in the land,
And its rent was sure to increase.

XX.

This they did, not knowing a crisis prevail'd,
Or this was a fraudulent sale ;
Instead of retiring the old firm had fail'd,
And two of the partners were already jail'd,
The other had given "leg bail."

XXI.

They next leas'd a house, 'twas a high-stoop, brown-stone,
All furnish'd in fine, modern style;
For the sisters' and partners' affection had grown,
They'd written the parents the truth to make known,
Inviting them down for awhile.

XXII.

One week had elaps'd since the letter was sent,
So elating to sire and dame.
To leave for the city was now their intent,
To see what this raid on the family meant,
And down to the city they came.

XXIII.

Arriving there safely were driven up street
To their daughters' number and home.
Intending to make the surprise most complete,
They never had written, as do the discreet:
"Meet us at the train when we come."

XXIV.

The sire then alighted and went to the door,
Intent upon ringing the bell,
When the door flew open and out rush'd the four,
Delighted at meeting their parents once more,
And seeing them looking so well.

XXV.

Through the house after tea, the parents were shown,
Which, lit, made the grandest display;
The sister, now married, must not be alone,
So the unmarried pair their wishes made known,
The wedding was set for next day.

XXVI.

At nine in the morning the wedding took place,
Then all went to visit the store,
Where from floor to ceiling, from attic to base,
It was fill'd up with dry-goods in every place,
And purchasers crowded the door.

XXVII.

Returning, the firm then propos'd to the sire
To make him a partner also ;
He might come in to-day, to-morrow retire,
Hold any position that he might desire,
Have freedom to come and to go.

XXVIII.

The daughter secur'd the consent of the dame,
The sons the consent of the sire ;
They said to the mother : " You know 'tis a shame
For father to labor, now he's old and lame—
'Tis high time that he should retire."

XXIX.

In one short year only from that happy day
All went to the valley again ;
They'd sold upon credit and lost all their pay,
And all the sire's money was fritter'd away :
They'd nothing on which to remain.

XXX.

In the course of his short mercantile career
He'd been driven to mortgage his farm;
And laboring faithfully year after year,
To get it again of encumbrance clear,
To this wise conclusion had come:

XXXI.

"To one having little or nothing to lose
A city life might have a charm;
The proud and the lazy no doubt such would choose,
Where they could sell dry-goods and hear all the news—
But a farmer should stick to his farm."

A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

I.

Our Greenfield hills are white with snow,
To southern climes the robin's flown,
And in my cottage here alone
I'm thinking of the long ago,
When from the west I made my way
East o'er Mount Kayaderossera.

II.

'Twas on a bright October morn
That down its eastern slope I came,
And cross'd the stream the same in name,
That wound through meads and fields of corn,
And halted at a way-side inn,
Where they sold whisky, rum and gin.

III.

Since then near sixty years have pass'd,
And yet my mem'ry serves me well
To now describe that earthly hell,
Or den too vile on earth to last;
For no such place can now be found
By searching all the country round.

IV.

Within that room seven men I saw,
All drinking whisky at the bar,
The landlord smoking his segar,
Unmindful of a statute law
Forbidding liquor to be sold
To one not twenty-one years old.

V.

And there was one such drinking rum,
And two more dozing by the fire,
Who were awaken'd by their sire,
And told to drink and then run home.
The youths obey'd, then arm in arm
Went reeling to their home and farm.

VI.

The rest remain'd, and drinking more,
A row ensued, but soon was still,
When blast from horn both loud and shrill
Proclaim'd the stage coach at the door.
Two passengers alighted there—
An aged man and lady fair.

VII.

"Some information I would seek,"
The stranger to the landlord said;
"My daughter here's engaged to wed
(But of this pray, sir, do not speak)—
The gentleman is living near,
To know his character I'm here.

VIII.

A widow's son, his name is Grace,
He owns the farm they live upon—
His father's name I think was John.
He left this only son the place,
And he's to wed my daughter here,
If all is right, about New Year."

IX.

"I know him well; he's just been here,
But left for home," the landlord said;
"I think you'll find him there in bed,
For he's been drinking the past year.
But there's his mother coming now,
I think they've had another row."

X.

With hasty step the widow came,
And met the landlord face to face,
And charg'd him with her son's disgrace,
His degradation and his shame,
His cruelty to her, and then
Turn'd weeping to her home again.

XI.

The aged stranger stood aghast,
His daughter leaning on his arm;
"Thank God," he said, "you're sav'd from harm."
The driver blew another blast,
They took their seats, he drove away;
Thus ended that eventful day.

THE TRAMP.

I.

"Oh! there's a poor tramp coming round to the door;"
And "Here's a poor tramp asking food, nothing more."
"'Tis only a tramp seeking shelter and rest;"
And "Here comes a tramp—what a terrible pest!"

II.

Such are the expressions we hear every day,
On the grand boulevard or public highway;
For tramps have become such a nuisance of late,
Some lock all their doors and make fast the front gate.

III.

The lord of the manor and help on the farm
Keep watch over all to protect it from harm;
The dog is set free from his kennel at night,
To give the alarm and to bark and to bite.

IV.

One cold day in winter a tramp on the road
Call'd just before dark at a farmer's abode.
His limbs they were weak, his clothing was thin;
A lodging he sought, but they'd not let him in.

V.

"But, father," in pity the daughter replied,
We've beds in the attic both narrow and wide;
Besides there's a lounge in the kitchen so warm—
He'd better lie there than go on in the storm."

VI.

And who was this one that was making his way
On foot to his home on that cold winter's day?
One who'd serv'd his employers faithful and true;
They'd fail'd, and in failing paid nothing 'twas due.

VII.

This fact to the farmer in few words he told.
Told him he was weary; complain'd of the cold.
But he, proud and selfish, bade him go his way,
Then took up his Bible to read and to pray.

VIII.

In feign'd solemn accents a chapter he read,
With seeming devotion the evening prayer said.
By the warm, glowing fire, and soft, mellow light
None thought of the tramp on that cold, stormy night.

IX.

Still later in winter a vision arose
One night on the farmer in deepest repose:
A scene sad and thrilling, a room cold and bare;
'Twas the home of the tramp, but he was not there.

X.

Enshrouded in mist, a pale specter appear'd,
And raising his hand as the bedside he near'd,
Pointed his finger to the scene then in view,
Said : "Behold the misery occasion'd by you!

XI.

"See there the last light in its socket burnt low,
The smouldering embers give out their last glow ;
And there on the table's the last crust of bread—
My wife and my children are freezing in bed.

XII.

"Go save them at morn if they live till that time,
Then seek my dead body; repent of your crime.
You'll find it down under the deep, drifting snow,
Prepare then to meet me. Farewell! Now I go."

XIII.

The vision in fading 'mid darkness and gloom,
Left written in light on the wall of the room
The one line, including the deep, damning sin :
"Ye saw me a stranger, and took me not in."

XIV.

Its author a tramp; it is said He'd not where
To lay His fair head with its soft, golden hair.
His disciples the same : of this goodly band
Not one had a home, neither houses nor land.

XV.

Traduc'd, torn and trampl'd, and One crucified,
From cold, want and hunger some sicken'd and died,
And as ages roll'd onward, years pass'd away,
We see their sad fate in this tramp of to-day.

RETRIBUTION.

I.

"The son that makes his parents' hearts to bleed
Shall have a son who will avenge the deed;
So read the maxim which I early learn'd,
Which my attention to this subject turn'd.

II.

A man I knew—'twas in my youthful days—
Who by his prudent and industrious ways
Secur'd a home and farm in early life,
And a fine farmer's daughter for a wife.

III.

This union by an only son was bless'd,
Who, by his parents humor'd and caress'd,
Became so selfish, it was plainly seen
He'd rule them both ere he had reach'd fifteen.

IV.

And so it prov'd: before that day had come
He'd plac'd in jeopardy his father's home.
In his unprincipled and sordid course,
What was denied him he would take by force.

V.

The farm he till'd, also the grain he'd sown,
And team he drove he always call'd his own;
The swine he fed, and fatlings in the stall,
Were all his own—at least he claim'd them all.

VI.

His parents, blinded by parental love,
By him were guided in every move,
And when he'd reach'd the age of twenty-two
He claim'd the whole estate as his just due.

VII.

To settle this, and keep him with them still,
The sire agreed, though much against his will,
To deed the farm in order to make peace;
For their support the son to give a lease.

VIII.

The rental low at which the farm was laid
At first an ample living for them made ;
And all their labor, which was freely done,
Went to increase the fortune of their son.

IX.

Ten years had pass'd, the parents' health had fail'd,
Which on the son so many cares entail'd
That he sought out, and wedded for her wealth,
A maiden fair, but selfish as himself.

X.

This chang'd condition made the parents feel
That with two tyrants they were now to deal
Instead of one, as they had done before,
And home to them could be a home no more.

XI.

And so the sire, once owner of the soil,
Worn down by sickness from incessant toil,
With feeble wife, whose race was nearly run,
Became the tenants of their selfish son.

XII.

A vacant chamber was to them assign'd,
And, being lame, to that they were confin'd,
And there immur'd within that dingy room,
Long years they liv'd in solitude and gloom.

XIII.

Both dress'd in old and thinly worn attire,
With scanty food and fuel for their fire,
A cold, hard bed, a rough, uncover'd floor,
Was all they had—the lease allow'd no more.

XIV.

At length the mother died, was borne away;
The feeble father linger'd for a day,
Then died alone, and by her side was plac'd;
The lease was cancel'd and the son disgrac'd.

XV.

For when the aged farmers living near
Came to prepare the body for the bier,
Their indignation could not be suppress'd:
All clamor'd loudly for the son's arrest.

XVI.

However shameless some have always been,
A certain pride exists among all men
That makes them shrink from just contempt and scorn—
Oft leave the place where they were bred and born.

XVII.

The son and wife this feeling realiz'd,
And to escape arrest a scheme devis'd:
A secret sale of their entire estate,
And to the West at once to emigrate.

XVIII.

Soon with his wife, two daughters and one son,
On farm in acres numb'ring ten to one
The one he'd sold, we find them settl'd down
On Western prairie, near a thriving town.

XIX.

With ample means to build and cultivate
The broad, rich acres of their vast estate,
With land well stock'd and market near at hand,
They soon became the wealthy of the land.

XX.

But from the time they'd sold their Eastern farm
Their conscious guilt had kept them in alarm;
The son, now sire, confiding in the dame,
Held all the lands he'd purchas'd in her name.

XXI.

Meanwhile their eldest child and only son
Became a robust youth and vicious one,
And like his father claim'd the lion's share
Of all they rais'd and all they had to spare.

XXII.

The mother, being owner of the land,
Had given all to plainly understand,
No matter what the sire might do or say,
That her dear son and pet should have his way.

XXIII.

Seven years had pass'd, the son to manhood grown,
The daughters married, left the dame alone,
And this subjected her to so much care,
The son sought out a wife and brought her there.

XXIV.

The daughters married men engag'd in trade,
And in the city near their home they made,
Where oft diseases were malignant found,
Caus'd by bad water and low, marshy ground.

XXV.

At length the daughters both were taken ill
With a disease that baffled human skill;
The anxious mother watch'd by their bedside
Both night and day, until at last they died.

XXVI.

Soon as the daughters in their graves were laid,
Back to her home the mother was convey'd,
And stricken down and paralyz'd that day,
Nor spoke nor mov'd until she pass'd away.

XXVII.

Her death the sire in sad condition plac'd,
For all the land and property embrac'd
Belong'd to her, to which the son fell heir,
And made the sire to know he'd nothing there.

XXVIII.

The sire, now left dependent on the son,
His time of unpaid labor now begun.
The task that he now set him to perform
Had to be done in sunshine and in storm.

XXIX.

Soon from exposure to the heat and cold,
The sire had grown so prematurely old
And lame and helpless, he was left alone,
For his past crimes to suffer and atone.

XXX.

A house in which they'd liv'd in early day,
With leaky roof and plast'ring torn away,
With scanty food, and without light or fire,
Was by the son awarded to the sire.

XXXI.

And there he lay within that cheerless room,
No light or fire to dissipate the gloom,
Until, at length, in the dread hour of night,
A thrilling vision burst upon his sight.

XXXII.

The scene, at first by feeble light supplied,
Show'd him the room in which his parents died,
His mother's corpse, watch'd over by his sire,
As he sat shiv'ring by the smould'ring fire.

XXXIII.

The vision chang'd, and from a dizzy height
Appear'd his parents, clad in robes of white;
And there, below the altitude attain'd,
He saw his own lost wife in darkness chain'd.

XXXIV.

"Here," then she said, "for suff'ring we have known
That we would not relieve, we must atone."
Then pal'd the vision with the dawn of day,
And the sire's spirit with it pass'd away.

XXXV.

The son that made his parents' hearts to bleed
Has had a son that has aveng'd the deed;
This truthful maxim, mortals, heed it well,
For this is retribution—THIS IS HELL!

IMMORTALITY.

I.

The harp that's now silent may waken a strain,
The lips that are mute yet with eloquence thrill,
The rainbow appear with each warm summer rain,
The warm heart, though bleeding, keep beating on still.

II.

The bright summer sun may illumine the day,
The pale silv'ry moon beam in beauty at night,
May come and may go, but remain not away;
The stars keeping watch from their blue vaulted height.

III.

Spring, summer and autumn and winter may
reign;
Bright blossoms bloom yearly and birds
sweetly sing;
They're coming and going to come back again,
When cold winter meets the embraces of
spring.

IV.

But when mortals we love and reverence here
Pass on from our presence, returning no
more,
We ask why they never again reappear
To tell where they dwell on that far distant
shore.

V.

We kiss'd the cold corpse of a mother in grief,
And frantically ask'd where the spirit had
flown;
The answer was given, yet brought no relief:
"You must go unto her; she will never
return."

VI.

Then what shall we know of the dim vale that is
Beyond death's cold river, beyond mortal ken,
If no one returns from the mansions of bliss
To describe them in full to the children of men?

VII.

If seers in past ages were bless'd with the sight
Of bliss that awaits us, or sorrow and woe;
If they walk'd and talk'd with the children of light,
Oh! why should gross darkness encompass us now?

THE COTTAGE ON THE GRANGE.

I.

There stood the cottage on the grange,
Embower'd in cooling maple shade,
Where fairest scenes might be survey'd
Of valley and of mountain range;
And rippling streams that made their way
Down to the Kayaderossera.

II.

I lov'd that spot, that cottage fair,
There on that smooth and sloping green,
Where two large lilac trees were seen,
Their purple blooms scenting the air;
That noble fir-tree tow'ring high,
Admir'd by all as they pass'd by.

III.

There first in spring I joy'd to see
The gorgeous peony's crimson bloom,
And pluck'd some once to grace the tomb
Of one more dear than life to me;
Fit emblem of that lov'd one, they
Wither'd and fell in one short day.

IV.

Yet lonely did that place appear
To some who pass'd—its blinds of green
Were seldom ever open seen,
From month to month, from year to year;
"No one at home" they'd often say,
And quietly pursue their way.

V.

To thee, dear cottage on the grange,
What pleasant recollections cling;
Round thy old well and flowing spring
What thrilling stories, weird and strange,
Were told to us, in accents low,
By lov'd ones, in the long ago.

VI.

Down where the tiny trout-brooks meet,
And sweetly blend and pass away,
I've angled at the close of day,
The waters gliding at my feet—
Those happy days are pass'd and gone,
And I am left, alone! alone!

VII.

O fairest land that I have seen,
So like the spot where sportive fays
Once held their court, in ancient days,
Which it was said kept ever green,
From thee I'd never wish to range—
My home, the cottage on the grange.

NIAGARA.

I.

Jehovah speaks; in thee his voice resounds
Along thy rolling river's rocky bounds;
From lake to lake along the distant shore
We hear thy thunder's loud and ceaseless roar—
The voice of God in nature evermore.

II.

Tremendous torrent, ever onward flow,
Loud echoes waking in deep caves below;
Thy floods resistless madly rushing o'er
Thy wall of rock, which spans from shore to shore—
The works of God in nature evermore.

III.

So, mighty monarch, let thy thunders roll,
To spread thy name and fame from pole to pole;
Bright suns on rising mist and spray restore
The bow that spans thy yawning chasm o'er—
A crown upon thy brow for evermore.

* * * * * *

IV.

King of cataracts, ten thousand years* have flown,
Thy throne's demolished, silenc'd is thy tone;
Thy crown has fallen and thy reign is o'er;
From Erie's beach to fair Ontario's shore
Thy waters silent roll for evermore.

*Time estimated for the fall to wear away to Lake Erie.

INVOCATION.

I.

O Thou Eternal Spirit, force unseen,
Save in Thy work display'd to mortal ken,
We bow with rev'rence to thy mighty pow'r,
And crave Thy presence in the coming hour;
Thy strength with nature's failing force combine,
And make the present moment truly Thine.

II.

Essence of being, only source of life,
From vales of earth and scenes of mortal strife,
From beds of sickness, poverty and pain,
Goes up the cry for help, and not in vain.
The cataract's roar and waves upon the sea
Ring out their shout of joy and praise to Thee.

III.

From every plant and from every flower
Sweet incense rises in summer hour,
And every bird that soars upon the wing
To Thee, great source of life, their praises sing,
And every wave that dashes on the shore
Repeats to Thee its praises evermore.

IV.

In countless worlds that roll in boundless space
Throughout the universe, thy dwelling place,
In every living thing Thou art the soul—
The great first cause and spiritual control:
Be unto us what Thou hast ever been,
And Thine shall be the glory evermore.
Amen.

LAKE COSSAYUNA.

I.

Thy mirror, Cossayuna, set
  In hills of green in fair Argyle,
Within my mem'ry lingers yet,
  Like my fond mother's loving smile.

II.

Not that my aged eyes have seen
  Thy form lie sleeping in the vale;
My oar disturb'd thy face serene,
  Or it reflected my full sail.

III.

No; not that I have ever stray'd
  Along thy shores or bath'd in thee,
Thy many fair green isles survey'd—
  Oh, no; that joy was not for me.

IV.

I've heard my mother call thy name,
Which, like the songs she used to sing,
Thrill'd as the trumpet's call to fame
Does one who loves that glitt'ring thing.

V.

I know she's often look'd on thee,
In storm and calm and sunshine bright;
Those loving eyes have watch'd o'er me
Through many a long and weary night;

VI.

And as the shining stars look down,
Thy depths reflect their field, I see
Where she, immortal, glory-crown'd,
Inspires me now to write of thee.

THE LOST MOTHER.

I.

All night on Erie's treacherous deep
  Our bark was drifting in the storm;
While in the cabin, fast asleep,
  The passengers lay snug and warm;
But on the deck in clusters lay
The emigrants, both night and day.

II.

Thither I went at early dawn,
  To note the progress we had made;
When my attention there was drawn
  To one group on a pallet laid:
Six rosy children, sweet and fair,
Together with their sire, lay there.

III.

The dame had risen, and in haste
  Went to prepare the morning meal,
Wearing the girdle round her waist
  That did their wealth in gold conceal;
For water, which she wanted there,
She to the gangway did repair.

IV.

Through this all night the cold waves swept,
  And on receding left congeal'd
A slippery surface where she stepp'd,
  While yet the vessel rock'd and reel'd;
She paused a moment, look'd around,
To see her babes all sleeping sound,

V.

Then turn'd, the water bucket grasp'd,
  And hurl'd it in the waves below;
The rope attach'd she firmly clasp'd,
  So fearful she might let it go;
The bucket filled, she down the steep
Plunged headlong in the foaming deep!

VI.

"A woman overboard!" the cry
In German was not understood
Until too late, they'd pass'd her by;
She'd sunk beneath the surging flood,
And left the father in despair,
And six small children weeping there.

THE ACME OF MISERY.

I.

I have known a deep misery that cannot be told,
A misery more lasting and cruel fourfold,
Than the agony deep when a molar is torn
From sensitive socket with marrow and bone.

II.

I have known a deep misery, mine only to know;
The cross hath its torture, the gibbet its woe—
Mine the agony felt by a reptile when thrown
On live burning coals, with a shriek and a groan.

III.

I have known a deep misery I cannot express,
And death might relieve me had I suffer'd less;
But torture's grim gauntlet unshielded I've past,
I must live and suffer from this to the last.

IV.

My guardian angel shrunk back in dismay,
When he saw his lov'd charge in his agony lay ;
My muse, cold and silent, sunk down in despair,
On seeing the fiends that surrounded me there ;

V.

With eye glaz'd and cold swept her hand o'er the lyre,
Made sounds that lack'd sweetness, Promethean fire ;
Gave the torrent Niagara, with full rush and roar,
And then became silent—I heard her no more.

VI.

But, lo ! in the future she rose in her might,
The star of my being in sorrow's dark night,
Scaled the vortex of grief and sung on the shore :
"The Acme of Misery, the Fate of Glenmore."

"LOVE UNDYING!"

I.

Breaking forth from the mountain side,
A stream danc'd to the plains below;
Spreading its waters far and wide,
Beneath a sheet of crusted snow;
Rudely forc'd from its narrow bed,
In its frozen sheet, lay cold and dead.

II.

The spring-time came; the genial sun
Shone brightly on that dreary scene
The snow drifts melting, one by one,
Disclos'd a spot of deepest green,
Where the streamlet, frozen, ceas'd to flow,
Was the greenest in that vale below.

III.

And as the summer months pass'd on,
Sweet flowers bloom'd in beauty there;
Although no mortal hand had sown
The germs that rear'd those flowers fair,
Whose perfume loaded every gale
Which swept across that lovely vale.

IV.

So when the fount of love, unseal'd,
Flows forth to worship and to bless:
If coldly met, repuls'd—congeal'd—
Seeks from its idol no redress;
Spreading o'er all the world it lies,
Undying—chastens—beautifies.

"VALE GLENMORE."

I.

Through maple lane to Glenmore vale,
Where sweetest blossoms scent the air,
Through meadows green, o'er hill and dale,
I went to see that place so fair.

II.

Its Gothic cottage stood embower'd
In shady grove, secure from view,
Above its peaks the fir-trees tower'd,
And on the green deep shadows threw.

III.

The rising sun, with smiling face,
Illum'd its east'rn front at morn;
Its golden rays through every space
Fell there to brighten and adorn.

IV.

A rippling stream encircling flow'd
Around the summit where it stood,

And turning eastward, cross'd the road,
And lost itself in tangled wood.

V.

Upon its banks, 'neath willow shade,
An angler sat with rod and line;
Below, the shining trout he play'd,
The bee sang in the celandine.

VI.

The purple lilacs wet with dew,
Bent under it, with modest mien;
And snow balls white and violets blue,
Whose beauty could but half be seen,

VII.

Were sprinkled o'er the grassy lawn,
And by its walks so brightly shone;
I stay'd till night from early dawn—
I'd gladly made that place my own.

VIII.

There, from the world's turmoil and strife,
I'd rest me, as in days of yore,
And spend a peaceful, happy life,
Within thy vale, O sweet Glenmore!

DIE YOUNG.

I.

Die young! do not live until feeble and old,
Till friendship is weaken'd, and love it is cold;
Thy aged form tremble, thine eyesight grow dim;
Die young! drain life's cup while it's fill'd to the brim.

II.

Die young! let thy spirit go forth in its might,
To a life that is real, a home that is bright;
While those that now know thee would welcome thee here,
Die young! do not live till they hold thee less dear.

III.

Die young! ere thy tongue in its weakness shall fail
To hurl back resentment when brutes shall assail;
Thy manhood be humbled, or senses decline,
Die young! age is hateful, but youth is divine.

IV.

Die young! ere thy children's affections shall wane,
Be lost in that maelstrom, the vile greed of gain,
Where honor is shipwreck'd, and hope's anchor lost;
Die young! on life's ocean no longer be toss'd.

V.

For like the old ship which the waves leave behind,
To rot on the shore, in the storm and the wind;
Deserted by captain and crew she has sav'd—
Neglected, you'll suffer, in age be enslav'd.

WE HAVE MET.

I.

We have met and we have parted,
And we may not meet again;
Still the pleasure it imparted
Ever with me will remain.
Though no wish to know my hist'ry
Ever comes to you, I trow,
To unravel all the myst'ry
Of a life you may not know.

II.

By what compass I was steering,
Drifting on the sea of life;
To what haven I was nearing
From the scene of mortal strife;

If my bark was richly freighted
With bright gems of native birth,
And my soul, with hope elated,
Held the purest joys of earth.

III.

If the frost of time that's stealing
O'er the locks upon my brow,
Finds my warm heart's love congealing
For all earthly idols now;
Or like crystal fountains flowing
From the rocky mountain side,
While the ice and frost are glowing
On the ferns above its tide.

IV.

I had seen fair earthly creatures,
And their eyes had look'd in mine,
When I view'd thy placid features,
And mine eyes look'd into thine,
When I there beheld that vision
Which to me the real seems
In the light of love Elysian,
In the fairy land of dreams.

V.

From that vision I receded,
  Fearing it might change or fade;
My receding was impeded,
  Ere a cycle I had made,
And from here I send a greeting
  To my fair iconoclast,
For the pleasure of that meeting,
  Which may prove the first and last.

WE NEED THE MEN.

I.

We need the men who dare condemn
The man that robs and wrongs another;
The tide of opposition stem—
Protect the injur'd as a brother

II.

Injustice done him make their own,
Boldly the perpetrator scorning;
Stand up for him, stand out alone,
From morn til' night, from night till morning.

III.

Stand out though all desert their post,
Leave them alone to persecution;
Such are the men we need the most,
To mete out justice, retribution.

IV.

Their hands unstain'd by sordid gain,
Their coffers fill'd by honest labor;
Their pure souls free from every stain—
Ask not the question: "Who's my neighbor?"

V.

But help the needy, right the wrong,
And shield the aged from aggression;
Support the weak, subdue the strong,
Resist the tyrant in oppression.

VI.

And true to principle and right,
Be just to men of every nation;
Our country's pride and guide and light,
To fill the highest trust and station.

MY COUSIN'S LETTER.

I.

Don't you remember the cottage we pass'd
On our way to the village green?
The people that liv'd there are gone at last,
And the place is a fright to be seen.

II.

The gate and porch are all torn down
By children who go there to play;
But oh, the excitement there was in town
The day the people mov'd away.

III.

The old man, they say, had fail'd in his time,
And his landed estate was sold;
But his only daughter, then in her prime,
Had five thousand pounds in gold.

IV.

It was left by her mother, long since dead,
And the gold was to be paid down
As a bridal gift the day she should wed,
And the coin was invested in town.

V.

The Parkmans here were very rich and grand,
Their son was from college just through;
They plann'd to secure him the heiress's hand,
The old folks did all they could do.

VI.

They made a great feast, reception 'twas call'd,
On their son's arrival at home;
And well I remember that day how I bawl'd—
The poor weren't invited to come.

VII.

Jane, she was there—her father called her Jean,
For he was a Scotchman, you know;
A grander looking creature never was seen,
Dress'd in satin, from top to toe.

VIII.

She wore a necklace of real fine gold,
And bracelets on her arms so fair,
A set of pure diamonds, massive and old,
And a solitaire glitter'd in her hair.

IX.

John made proposals to her that night,
Urg'd her the wedding day to set,
Riding home in their chaise in the bright moonlight;
And daily from that time they met.

X.

Soon a rumor got out, like wild-fire spread,
That the old man had play'd a poor game,
Gambling in stocks, and sunk all he had,
With Jennie's, the first year he came.

XI.

When John's mother heard it she couldn't rest
Till Jennie she could interview,
When oh, to her horror, the girl confess'd
The story she had heard was true.

XII.

John, still true to his love, poor as she was,
His parents they turn'd him out of door;
And hinted it was not the only cause—
The girl being lazy and poor.

XIII.

The happy day came, 'twas some time in May,
It's strange I've forgotten the year,
And all were to start upon that same day,
For John found no business here.

XIV.

I was at the wedding, wore my green silk dress,
For the poor were invited then;
The bridesmaid and groomsman you couldn't guess—
Why, 'twas me and your cousin Ben.

XV.

The ceremony over, all kiss'd the bride;
The old man wish'd them both much joy,

Said, "Your gold may be lost, still you're supplied
With love that is free from alloy.

XVI.

"Where fortunes are lost by changes in trade'
Exertion the same may restore;
But pure first love on the altar when laid
And lost, is recover'd no more.

XVII.

"The gold left by your mother, if 'tis lost,
It's loss gain'd you what's prized in life—
A loving husband, dinna count the cost—
Make him a good and faithful wife.

XVIII.

"I would not mar the happiness you feel,
By telling here what I have done;
And yet there's one thing I should reveal—
It is my duty to you and John—

XIX.

"To all good friends assembl'd here to-day;
So I'll the long-kept secret tell:

The bridal gift's not lost or thrown away,
I've only sunk it—in the well.

XX.

"Go draw the gold and then my moral draw.
I used deception—it is right;
Where men will break divine and moral law,
I put temptation out of sight."

THE VISION OF GLENMORE.

I.

In ancient days the prophets saw
  Events to come in future time
By dream or vision, nature's law,
  A priceless gift, a truth sublime.

II.

I had a vision or a dream
  Which seem'd reality to me;
In writing now I make my theme,
  And leave that question then to thee.

III.

From night's dull round of weary hours
  I dream'd I rose at early dawn,
Into a porch o'errun with flowers
  My easy chair was quickly drawn.

IV.

There balmy breezes fann'd my brow,
Brought to my cheek the ruddy glow;
Old age had made my form to bow,
My hair, once dark, as white as snow.

V.

The scene was fair—I ne'er survey'd
A fairer home and cool retreat,
A grassy lawn where sunlight play'd,
And lilacs lent their odor sweet.

VI.

The woodbine and the prairie rose
With morning-glories were entwin'd,
While in their cells the bees repose,
Their fragrant blooms the lattice lin'd.

VII.

A lovely spot, a broad domain,
Spread out to view on every hand,
Was cover'd o'er with golden grain
Awaiting for the harvest band.

VIII.

I sat alone, alone I stay'd,
All gone save one, a daughter fair,
Who came, and on my brow she laid
A floral wreath of beauty rare.

IX.

I rais'd my head to thank the child,
When lo, before me who should stand—
One that I knew, who blandly smil'd,
And as he took me by the hand

X.

He said: "Dear sire, I've come to claim
Or ask you for your daughter now;"
She rose to greet him, knew his name,
He took her hand, he kiss'd her brow.

XI.

The scene was chang'd by trumpet call,
I stood in palace hall alone;
Deserted by my lov'd ones all
I listen'd to the organ's tone.

XII.

Ten thousand glitt'ring pendants hung,
Reflecting back their brilliant light,
In lofty tower the chime bells rung,
And broke the stillness of the night.

XIII.

I stood alone, I heard the tread
Of num'rous feet, the cry "They come!"
The newly wedded pair that led
Were those I'd left that morn at home.

XIV.

With queenly bearing, perfect grace,
And all that nature could bestow,
A perfect form and lovely face,
With beauty's flush and eyes aglow;

XV.

With diamonds flashing in the light,
Her light brown hair by pearls controll'd,
She stood array'd in spotless white,
With veil and train and wreath of gold.

XVI.

In robes of blue and purple now
That noble form stood by her side,
With shining locks and lofty brow,
And mien denoting manly pride.

XVII.

The walls with shining mirrors hung,
Reflecting forms assembled there,
The choir its sweetest anthem sung,
The priests then knelt in silent prayer.

XVIII.

The organ peal'd its grandest strains,
Resounding through that spacious hall,
A moment, then deep silence reigns,
And then the trumpet's thrilling call.

XIX.

The train advanc'd, the crowd drew near;
I stood alone upon that floor,
And when I met my daughter dear
The whole throng shouted, "Hail, Glenmore!"

XX.

The robes of crimson velvet now,
In gold brocade my form enfold,
The floral wreath upon my brow
Was chang'd to diamond crown of gold.

XXI.

From 'neath that crown hung long grey hair
In glossy ringlet, silv'ry white,
And 'neath my brow, furrow'd by care,
My aged eyes gleam'd clear and bright.

XXII.

My right hand grasp'd the burnish'd steel,
Its golden guard with diamonds set,
Given by one whose grand appeal
Seems e'en to thrill my being yet.

XXIII.

"Take this, and know that when 'tis drawn,
'Twill be for justice, truth and right,
To let the light of reason dawn
On this our more than moral night.

XXIV.

"Take this, and know thy day of power
Has come at last; though long delay'd,
This is the day and now's the hour.
Be just, fear not, nor be dismay'd;

XXV.

"For from this time thy foes shall know
That for their crimes they must atone;
That justice now must strike the blow,
Though countless thousands live to mourn.

XXVI.

"They've made thee drink the bitter cup,
Yes, drink it o'er and o'er again;
Crush'd thee to earth, we'll raise thee up—
That cup ye never more shall drain.

XXVII.

"Our pledge redeem'd, thy wealth restor'd,
We'll kneel together at one shrine,
Where right to reason's not ignor'd—
Let him be God who's most divine.

XXVIII.

"We see the morning sunlight gleam,
We know that night's dread reign is o'er."
I woke to realize my dream,
I call the Vision of Glenmore.

THE POET'S DREAM.

I.

I dream'd one came to me and said:
"They're building now your monument."
From him I ventur'd to dissent,
Saying: "My friend, I am not dead."
"I know you're not," he said to me;
"You'll live your monument to see."

II.

"Then show this mighty work of art
That I may know where 'tis to be;
And tell me why 'twas built for me
Before you leave, before we part,
That I may know what I have done
Thus to become the honor'd one."

III.

There, 'neath the skys of fair Argyle,
Through archway of tremendous height,
On level green, in marble white,
I saw the monumental pile.
"Thy birthplace mark'd," he said; "behold!
Thy deeds in sculptur'd story told."

IV.

On massive granite circle wide,
An octagon in form appear'd,
And lofty buttresses adher'd
To every angle at its side;
From each one Gothic arches met,
And, 'neath, entablatures were set.

V.

"On each entablature," he said,
"Some thrilling song, 'The Poet's Dream.'"
"Lake Cossayuna" was the theme
Of one my guide distinctly read—
Read on the left of lofty door,
"Niagara" and "Vale Glenmore."

VI.

Above were scenes in marble trac'd,
Like visions or dissolving views;
That fade and change and then renew
The subject, with reforms embrac'd;
That which at first imperfect seem'd,
Transform'd, corrected and redeem'd.

VII.

The laborer left his lowly shed,
Grasping the fruits of honest toil;
The hungry tramp, from whom recoil
The wealthy ones at home well fed,
And think but thieves stood disenthrall'd,
Where money'd tyrants stood appall'd.

VIII.

Trade, represented in repose,
By sudden impulse seem'd to start;
And manufactories and art,
And commerce, too, new life disclose;
As quickly fill'd each well-trimm'd sail,
As 'neath some sudden, prosperous gale.

IX.

Above, in statues true to life,
The forms of noble statesmen seen,
Were Jefferson and Clay—serene;
Webster—"the God-like"—calming strife
And party hate, with outstretch'd hand,
Proclaiming peace to all the land.

X.

And there the martyr Lincoln stood,
To offer compromise again;
And fail to break the bondman's chain,
Rather than drench the land in blood!
But all in vain! the die was cast!
The fiery ordeal was pass'd!

XI.

The shaft that rose of polish'd white,
One hundred feet, obscur'd the rest;
I paused in wonder, and express'd
A wish to have another sight.
"If so," my guide then said, "behold
The apex crown'd with burnish'd gold!

XII.

"Over the door the record read:
The changes wrought like magic seem;
Your crisis proof financial scheme,*
Your crowning act and noblest deed,
Has sav'd our country from despair,
And plac'd that grand memento there."

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* A SCHEME OF FINANCE WHICH WOULD SAVE AND MAKE SUCCESSFUL EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD. —Previous to having this dream, which I have put into verse, my mind had been much exercised on the subject of National finance, and while reflecting upon the subject, evolved the following, which I have christened "Baker's Crisis Proof Scheme of National Finance." Let statesmen pause and consider.

THE AUTHOR.

Let the Government issue all the paper money which can be loaned upon good real estate security, not to exceed half its lowest appraised value upon any length of time, at three per cent. interest, payable in gold or silver, the interest to go to pay the National debt. Have a loan office established in every county in each state, and three loan commissioners appointed to appraise estates and loan the money, every dollar

issued holding two, at least, in real estate, the Government holding the security, the people who loan it (and not the Government) being bound to redeem it from circulation, and return it to the treasury of the United States whenever they wish to stop paying interest and have their estates free and clear. Have a man appointed at every loan office, and provided by the Government with a stamp to stamp the date and manner of its loan upon the back of every note, after it has passed into the hands of the borrower before he can put it into circulation—the money to be made a legal tender for all debts due and demands, except those due to the Government for taxes, duties, etc.; the money to be worthless when returned stamped, and at once destroyed.

No government should ever borrow capital; it is the power to create it, and the soil of the country the safe and sure basis for all paper currency. The Government should lend money and take bonds, not borrow and give them, unless the Government is to be run in the interest of a few money leaders, regardless of the wishes and wants of the great majority. It would cost about one-half cent per dollar to make and put this money in circulation, and under this arrangement a crisis could never occur, for the supply could ever be made equal to the demand. This would put the millions of gold in circulation that is now kept in vaults for the redemption of a baseless paper currency, and the basis on which the money is founded would still remain productive to its owner, so that no loss is incurred. Gold is a production of nature, made money by law. Its inflated value is ever augmented by the slander of its holders upon all paper currency; a metal whose intrinsic value would not exceed five cents to

the dollar were it not for the law making it money. Still, gold between nations is a convenience, and from ignorance of true finance, a present necessity; but paper money for refined, intelligent and responsible nations, *at home*—light, beautiful and convenient, its foundations the broad, green earth, rich fields where golden harvests wave and fruits and flowers abound.

THE END.

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